

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## TEN MILLION VOTES THROWN AWAY

See  
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Two

### THE KING'S GOLD PIECES

DAYS OF WHICH THEY  
REMINDE USQueer Old Centuries of  
Witches and Wizards

#### FORERUNNERS OF OUR QUACKS

It is interesting to see that the King has lent to a museum at Barking a set of gold pieces, dating from Henry the Seventh to Queen Anne, which were used in the ceremony of touching for the King's Evil. A touch with these and you were cured!

It is not the only glimpse we have had in the news of late which takes us back to the superstitious old days. Believing himself to be descended from Solomon, the Emperor of Abyssinia is faithful to traditions that were old in Israel before Solomon was born.

#### Emperor and Soothsayer

The chief Soothsayer of Abyssinia has informed the Emperor that if he began his march to the north on a certain date ill would result, but that if he started after that date great prosperity would attend his movements. And the Emperor has obeyed the seer.

Soothsayers (men who pretend they can foretell the future) have flourished in all ages and nations, among primitive peoples and among the most cultured. We meet them frequently in the Old Testament. Saul, losing his asses, seeks a seer and meets Samuel, who tells him "I am the seer," adding that the asses have been found, and Saul is to be king.

When Saul fell from grace it was to the witch of Endor that he went for counsel. Isaiah warned his generation against "wizards."

#### The Notorious William Lilly

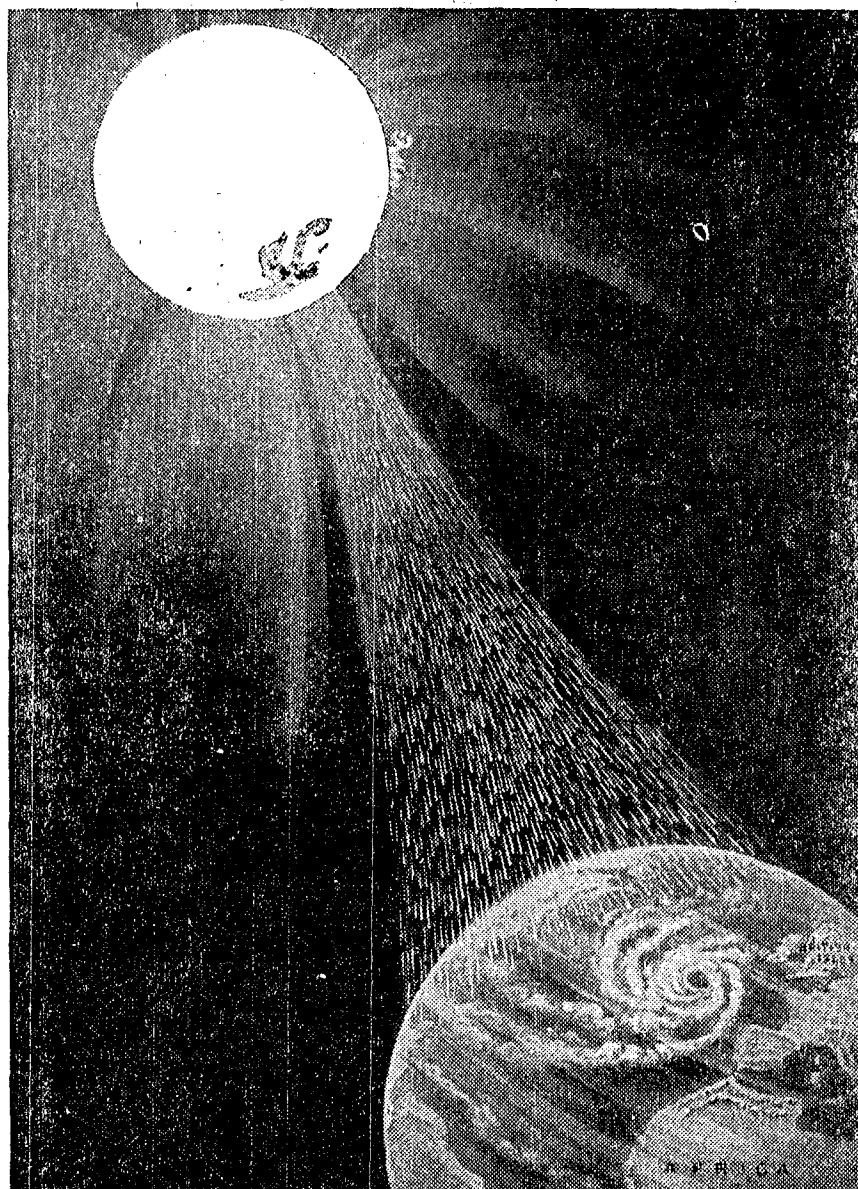
The emperor Constantine permitted the exercise of magic rites to ward off hail and lightning. The Medicis, most famous of European families of their day, all had their soothsayers.

We in this country were no wiser. Even in Shakespeare's day soothsayers abounded. All the old alchemists were soothsayers, pretending to have the power to foretell what would happen.

The Stuarts, and the great men who fought at the side of Cromwell, believed in the soothsayer and honoured the prophecies of the notorious William Lilly, who heard a stout Ironside in the battle front exclaiming to his fellows, as he read a book of Lilly's prophecies: "Lo! hear what Lilly saith! You are this month promised victory! Fight it out, brave boys, and then read this month's prediction!"

The craft has never died; are they not everywhere about us, telling fortunes from cards or tealeaves, or even from the stars, for those who are so stupid as to listen—and to pay!

### Sending Us Our Weather?



Sunspots send out streams of electrified particles which, reaching the Earth, may affect our weather. This picture shows how a cyclone advances to the British Isles. See next column.

The small patch of white flames on the edge of the Sun is flaming hydrogen thrown out by a sunspot and reaching 150,000 miles. The black marks are a sunspot bigger than the Earth.

The stream of particles comes from the sunspot across 93,000,000 miles.

### BUBBLES OF GAS FROM THE SUN

GREAT STREAM OF  
ELECTRIFIED PARTICLESSpeeding To Earth At a  
Million M P H

#### DO THEY INFLUENCE WEATHER?

Sir James Jeans has been telling the Royal Institution of the spots many times as large as the Earth which have recently been seen crossing the Sun.

Sir James said that these sunspots are huge bubbles of gas rising from the centre of the Sun to its surface, where they burst and shoot off as electrically charged particles at a speed of over a million miles an hour. They hit the Earth and give rise to a magnetic storm 30 hours after the spot directly faces it.

All our magnetic weather is caused by sunspots, and our ordinary weather is probably influenced by them. They vary in number from year to year, their greatest activity occurring every eleven years, a period coinciding with that of our magnetic storms.

The spots have now passed their minimum activity, and will reach their maximum in 1939.

#### The Rings On the Trees

Astronomers have closely studied the relation of sunspots to magnetic storms, and Mr E. W. Maunder found that they occur when a big spot is near the centre of the Sun, and recur 25 days later, when the Sun has completed a revolution.

Some years ago Professor Douglass of Arizona University began to investigate the rings on trees for the purpose of finding out if there are any periods in which they grow at a greater rate, for when the weather is wet and hot these rings are thicker. He found that every eleventh ring is thicker than the others, many of which show evidence of years of drought. When Mr Maunder heard of these investigations he wrote to the professor, and it was found that the maximum growth of the trees coincided with the maximum years in the records of activity of sunspots.

#### No Sunspots For 70 Years

A remarkable discovery added confirmation to this conclusion. Professor Douglass found that from 1650 to 1725 there had been no abnormal growth in his trees, and Mr Maunder from the records kept at Greenwich was able to state that there were practically no sunspots between 1645 and 1715.

In his lecture Sir James Jeans called attention to another important piece of evidence from Africa. The height of the water in Lake Victoria rises almost exactly as sunspot activity increases, proving that every 11 years there is greater rainfall. How far these investigations will help science to foretell the weather remains to be seen.

### China's Tinker Bell

If Sir James Barrie took Peter Pan and Wendy to the exhibition of our own Chinese paintings at the British Museum he would stop before one of them and ask, "Now do you believe in fairies?"

There is Tinker Bell walking on the waves, and she has been doing so for six centuries, for the unknown artist painted her portrait during the Ming Dynasty. She is a lovely being, and looks as if she were being blown along, light as foam, over the crest of the wave.

She is one of the many ancient pictures in the exhibition which is the prelude to the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House, and makes us realise again the wealth of treasure of every kind in our national collections. Close by is a portrait of an unknown lady who sat to a painter who might have been a Chinese Gainsborough. Oldest of the

masterpieces is that of a serpent and a tortoise which was painted more than a thousand years ago.

Another was found by Sir Aurel Stein in a buried city of the Gobi Desert. Six months were needed to piece together the fragments.

There are woodcuts still fresh as May's own flowers, and several old favourites, like the Manchurian tiger which so well recalls the lines of Blake:

*Tiger! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night.*

One we liked best of all is that of the Earthly Paradise, where men and women and children are walking in a flowery glade. Roses are falling from a tree, but the only one to see them is a child, who looks up at them smiling, for she has a vision denied to her elders. She certainly would have believed in fairies.



## NEW STRENGTH FOR THE GOVERNMENT IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF DEMOCRACY

The Great Unknowns of the  
General Election

### MYSTERY OF TEN MILLION VOTES

The Government is back in office with a proud vote of confidence from the country and a majority which gives it impregnable strength.

There is a feeling of relief that the General Election is now out of the way, and that the result is a healthy strengthening of the minority parties without any real weakening of the strength of the Government. The abnormal majority of the old Government, which was about 400, has been brought down to about 250, which is almost the biggest known for an ordinary election.

#### Liberals at Their Lowest Ebb

There has been only one bigger majority in normal times for a hundred years, and that was the great Liberal majority of 1906. The Liberals then stayed in office through two more elections until the war broke out.

But one of the results of this election has been to bring the fortunes of the Liberal party to the lowest ebb they have ever reached in Parliament: Their leader, Sir Herbert Samuel, was beaten at Darwen, and many familiar faces in the little Liberal host have disappeared from the House of Commons.

Labour gained nearly 100 seats, and even the Communists gained one; but it was the reduction of majorities and not the loss of seats which was the notable feature of the election. Whereas the Government had a majority at the last election of over 7,000,000 votes, it has now a majority of about 1,600,000.

#### A Remarkable Fact

It is one of the most incredible facts of this election that about eleven and a half millions voted for the Government, about ten millions against it, and about ten millions did not vote at all.

If we consider these figures we must all realise that they are full of significance though no one can claim to understand their meaning. Do they mean that ten million people care nothing about the sort of Government we have, or do they mean that all these people were so confident in the Government's success that they did not trouble to vote?

It is, at any rate, a remarkable fact that for every vote cast against the Government another vote was thrown away, and it is not far from true to say that the nation is divided into three camps: the Government Camp, the Opposition Camp, and the Non-Voting Camp.

#### Where Votes Were Thrown Away

It is an interesting problem to consider what would have happened if these ten million votes that were thrown away had been put in the ballot boxes. For the social student there are no more interesting questions than that of the influence of these Great Unknowns in the affairs of the nation.

Let us see where some of them are. Over 140,000 of them are in Manchester, and over 240,000 are in Birmingham. In Birmingham as many people as there are in Nottingham threw their votes away. How many people do you think did not vote at Hendon alone? The number is 60,000. We should expect the people round Westminster Abbey to be very much in earnest, but nearly half of the Westminster Abbey division did not vote. Nearly 60,000 votes were thrown away in Croydon, 40,000 in Plymouth, 38,000 at Hampstead, 30,000 at Twickenham, 28,000 at Marylebone.

When we think of the generations of struggle to gain the vote it is curious

## SANCTIONS BEGIN

A Historic Week  
For Peace

### ITALY'S DEFIANCE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

This week will live in history as the beginning of a new method in the conduct of world affairs.

Sanctions in a form never tried before have been affecting 50 countries at peace and one engaged in war. From this week the world sees the real beginning of the League's effort to stop an aggressive war without firing a shot at the aggressor.

Imports and exports have, of course, been controlled in time of war, but the embargo now enforced is different from any before, and Italy has shown by her new decrees that it will affect her most seriously. She has shown her feeling in the matter by appointing a Day of Shame and fixing stone tablets to buildings as a record of the way the nations are treating her.

Germany, too, has banned exports to Italy of raw materials of the textile, iron, and rubber industries, oil, and many foodstuffs. Austria, realising at last that England's friendship is more important to her than that of a nation defying the world, has at last decided not to supply war materials to Italy.

The most important event in Abyssinia has been the recall of General De Bono, the Italian Commander-in-chief, in favour of Marshal Pietro Badoglio, who is at the head of all Italy's forces. De Bono has led the troops to whatever victories they have achieved, and it is thought that Signor Mussolini has now removed him because of his popularity in Italy as a conquering hero, a Dictator brooking no rival.

### TARIFF WALLS FALLING DOWN

North America is linked today as it has not been for years.

Tariff walls from the Atlantic to the Pacific have been brought down, and the result will be increased prosperity for both Canada and the United States.

President Roosevelt and Mr Mackenzie King have signed a trade treaty which will come into force in January, and which covers by far the larger part of the goods passing between the two countries.

Continued from the previous column

to study these figures. Here are a few more of the non-voters in various places:

Dartford ..	33,000	Wood Green ..	26,000
Willesden ..	27,000	Chelsea ..	25,000
Blackpool ..	26,000	Hornsey ..	23,000
Kingston ..	26,000	Richmond ..	18,000

Better than all these non-voters we like that Hampstead lady who flew to Greenock on the Clyde the day before the election and voted there in time to fly back to vote at Hampstead in the evening (she having a property vote as well as a personal one). A splendid example she is to 7,000 Don't-Cares at Greenock and 38,000 at Hampstead.

The curiosities of our electoral system are an endless source of bewilderment.

Our constituencies are arranged on a geographical basis which gives some only a few thousand people and others a hundred thousand or more. If we work out the figures of this election we find that every Government seat represents 28,000 votes and every Opposition seat 57,000. Each of the few Liberal seats represents nearly 80,000 votes.

But whatever we may think of electoral systems, and of non-voters, and the fate of parties, one thing stands out clear as the noonday sun to all the world. The election has been a magnificent personal triumph for Mr Baldwin, and a magnificent tribute to the steadiness and determination of our people to have nothing to do with new-fangled ways, but to stick together and face whatever storms may come with that spirit which has made us what we are.

## TOWED TO SEA BY A SHARK

Three Boys in a Punt  
SANCTIONS FOLLOW A DARING  
ADVENTURE

Surely no boys who ever went fishing without permission ever had such an exciting time as three European lads who live at Lautoka in the Fiji Islands.

The eldest was 13 and his companions about 11. One afternoon the eldest boy hit on the idea of commandeering his father's punt and taking his chums fishing, so off they went outside the coral reef until they noticed a shark swimming in circles round the punt.

Not content with leaving well alone, the eldest of the boys decided to try to hook the shark, casting out his strongest line. The shark snapped it up and darted away to sea. The boys had tied the end of the line to the punt, and they had no knife to cut the line, nor could they untie it; so they were towed behind the shark for an hour. At one stage the shark took them a mile out to sea, but fortunately it circled back.

At last the shark began to get tired, and the boys got out their paddles and succeeded in reaching the beach with their captive shark. It measured over nine feet.

Of course, the boys were rather proud of their fishing exploit, but their parents thought only of the foolhardiness of the affair, saying that had the punt capsized the shark would certainly have attacked the boys. The leader of the expedition received a thrashing from his father for having taken the punt without permission, but probably he will remember the catching of his first shark long after he has forgotten all about the sanctions.

### NEW ZEALAND'S RACE WITH BIG BEN

All the clocks of New Zealand were advanced 30 minutes on the last Sunday in September, when Summer Time began.

For the seven following months New Zealand's clocks will be just 12 hours ahead of Big Ben and all the clocks of the United Kingdom.

A glance at the C.N. Map will show us why this is. Standard New Zealand time is 11½ hours ahead of Greenwich time. While we are enjoying our English summer with the clocks advanced, the difference between the clocks of New Zealand and the United Kingdom is reduced by an hour to 10½ hours.

Then the Sun gives summer to the Southern Hemisphere, English householders put their clocks back to Greenwich time, and New Zealanders put theirs on half an hour. Hey presto! The time gap has widened to 12 hours, and listeners-in of New Zealand can hear Big Ben chime over the wireless the same hour as their own clock on the mantelpiece—only Big Ben is half a day late. It is a race in which Big Ben never catches up.

### HAPPY COUNTRY

By a French Journalist

In this time of general wretchedness it is a happy country where the electoral struggle resembles a ritualistic controversy involving no fundamental doctrine.

Firstly, all parties are equally national. All programmes are based on a single creed; not only patriotism but, if I may coin a word, Britannism.

You will never hear a British citizen criticise the right of the British Empire to dominate the world and to govern 500,000,000 human beings.

A Writer in the Paris Soir

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Lord Tweedsmuir has been chosen as Chief Scout of Canada.

One in three of all the oranges eaten in this country are Empire grown.

There are about 90 million industrial insurance policies in force in this country.

The hard-hit county of Lancashire has raised over £60,000 for the King's Jubilee Trust.

About 3,400 tons of British-built railway engines are to be shipped from Birkenhead to China in the next three months.

The coalminers have authorised their leaders to declare a strike throughout the coalfields unless immediate action is taken to meet their demand for higher wages.

The week-end floods throughout the country cut off many towns from communication with their neighbours, wrecked railway lines in some places, and made miles of roads impassable.

The sixpenny telegrams have been tremendously popular, showing an increase of about 30 per cent in six months. The increase in telegrams dictated from telephone boxes and offices is ten times as great.

Nearly a hundred ancient cars built between 1896 and 1904 set out from London on Sunday and 68 reached Brighton during the afternoon, and each qualified for a gold medal. The first to arrive, a 33-year-old Napier, made the journey in ten minutes under two hours, at times travelling at 50 miles an hour.

### 1936 ON THE STEPS OF ST PAUL'S

A Good Beginning For the  
New Year

Who will not wish to congratulate the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's for the fine step they have taken for beginning the New Year?

It has happened as long as most of us remember that a great crowd has gathered about St Paul's to see the old year out and the new year in, and the scenes have not always been such as a great city could be proud of.

At last a step has been taken to organise this gathering and to make it a worthy occasion. The crowd is to be welcomed at the steps of the Cathedral, and the singing is to be properly conducted; it will be a great Community Singing to welcome the New Year in. Perhaps we may all catch the spirit of it, and sing in the new time with the ardent hope of better things.

## THINGS SAID

We shall give all that is in us.

The Prime Minister

Wars are never won. Wars are always lost.

Bernard Baruch,

American publicist

Physics is the tortoise science on whose back all the other sciences are carried.

Mr Gerald Heard

Great Britain is the mother and grandmother of all modern liberties.

Foreign Minister of Uruguay

The only thing that can save not only the East but the West is the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sir Evelyn Wrench

The only manufacturers who never have to advertise are the armament manufacturers.

Dublin Opinion

I cannot help thinking that many British artists and sculptors have lost their way.

Sir William Rothenstein

Civilisation is standing on the threshold of either the greatest catastrophe or the greatest triumph the world has seen.

Admiral Drury Lowe



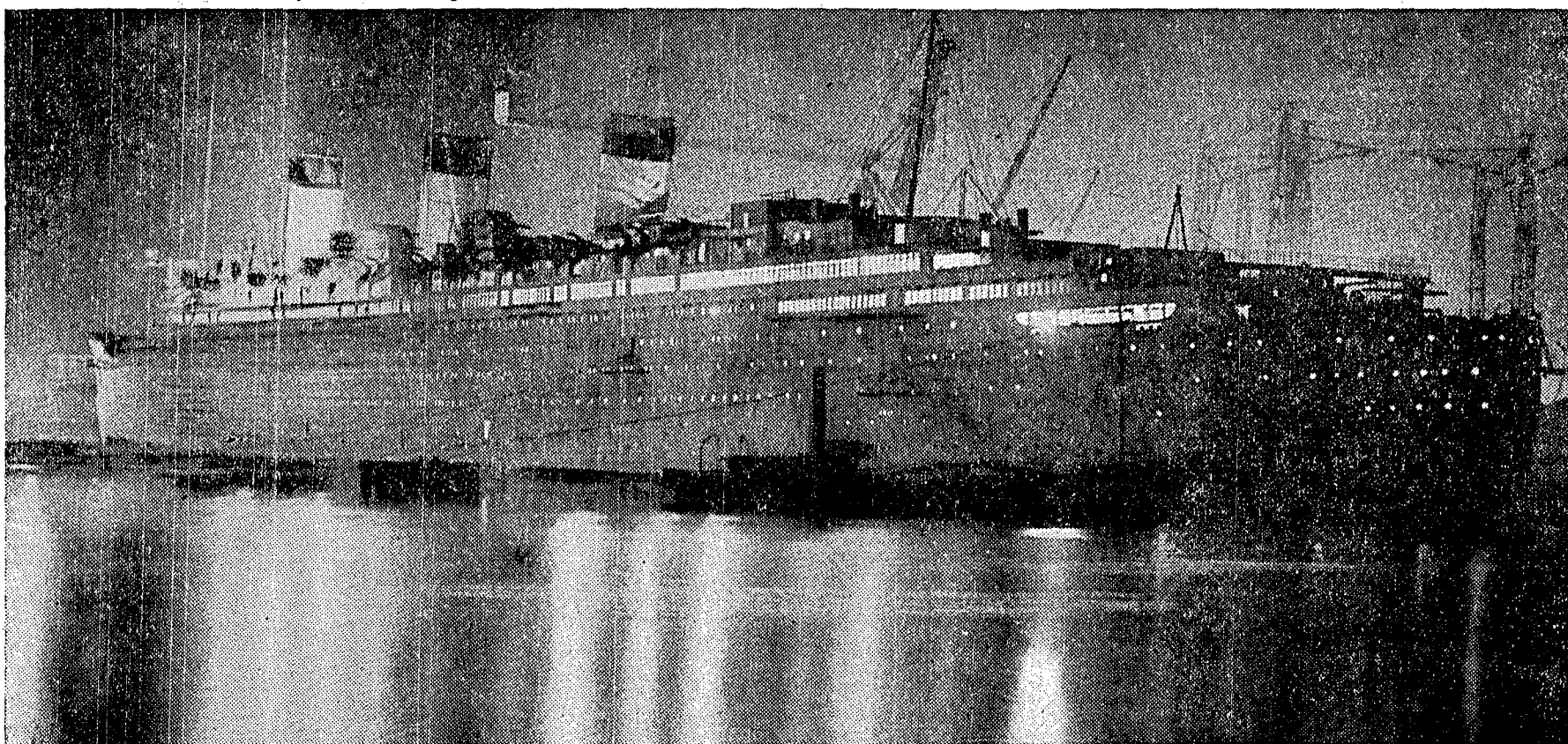
# Life in Addis Ababa • Getting Ready For Christmas



Ready For the Christmas Market—Although these dolls are Dutch in appearance they were made in England



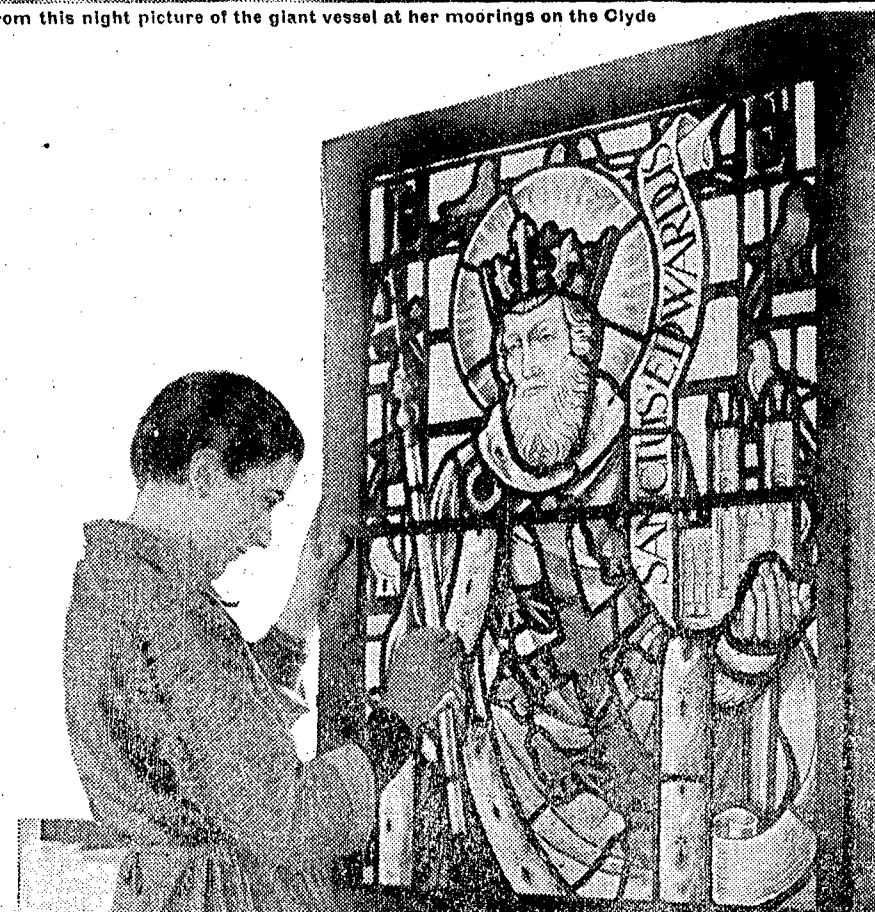
At School in Abyssinia—European and Abyssinian children side by side at a new school in Addis Ababa



Floodlighted—The Queen Mary is fast taking shape, as can be seen from this night picture of the giant vessel at her moorings on the Clyde



Alfresco Toilet—Hairdressing in the market-place at Addis Ababa, far from the invading armies



An Ancient Craft—Putting the finishing touches to a stained-glass window at the L C C Central School of Arts and Crafts



## BEST TRADE FOR YEARS

### Frontal Attack On Depression EVERY MONTH IS BETTER AND BETTER

Trade last month was good. Our exports of British goods in October were worth £2,718,000 a day as compared with £2,433,000 in the previous month.

This follows upon the pleasing fact that in each month this year trade was better than in the same month of 1934.

Imports from abroad and re-exports (sales abroad of imported goods) were also better. More raw and manufactured materials came in.

The trade in manufactures was especially good, exports showing a healthy increase in many directions.

#### Higher Steel Output

British trade last month, indeed, was the best since 1930, the year in which the great slump took place. Some allowance must be made for fears of war causing purchases for stock, but when that is said the figures remain good.

In the home market there are more symptoms of recovery. Richard Thomas & Co. are to open the Cwm-Felin tinplate works, which have been closed down for some years; also the steel works at Gorseinon. With the good news from Ebbw Vale this makes a frontal attack on Welsh depression.

From another distressed area, Durham, comes news that a firm of mine-owners is to erect a large coke, by-product, and coal-cleaning plant which will give employment to hundreds of people. Similar extensions are mooted in other places.

Steel output in October was higher than for eight years past, which is perhaps the best trade news of all. The figure was over 900,000 tons, and it is hoped to beat it very soon.

## FLIGHTS BETWEEN FOUR CONTINENTS

### New Plane Records

Our flying men and women have been breaking more air records.

Miss Jean Batten has made the fastest journey between England and South America, taking just over 61 hours for the trip and beating Mr Mollison's record of two years ago by more than 20 hours. Two other records Miss Batten set up also, for she was the first woman to pilot a plane across the South Atlantic, and her time of 13 hours 15 minutes for the ocean crossing, between Thies in West Africa and Port Natal in Brazil, beat the previous best by more than three hours. For this great new flight Miss Batten set out alone, relying entirely on the efficiency of her machine, for she carried neither parachute nor lifebelt.

Mrs Mollison's three-year-old record for the flight from the Cape to London has also been beaten, by Flying Officer I. Lewellyn and Mrs Wyndham, who made the journey in six days and a half, nearly 19 hours quicker than Mrs Mollison.

Yet another record is that for the solo flight to Australia which Mr H. F. Broadbent made in 6 days 21 hours and 19 minutes, beating the earlier record of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith by about seven hours and a half.

It was while Mr Broadbent's flight was in progress that Sir Charles and Mr Pethybridge set out to beat Scott and Black's wonderful record of just under three days for the Australia flight. But after being seen near Akyab nothing more was heard of Kingsford Smith's machine, in spite of an intensive search by flying-boats and planes; and as we go to press it is feared that he is lost.

## TWO NIGHTS IN THE STORM

### Out of the Jaws of Death

There will never be a prouder memory for the U.S.A. destroyer Peary than her rescue of the survivors of the London freighter Silverhazel.

For two days and nights men and women who had clambered from the wreck on to a small rock at the tip of Luzon Island in the Philippines had been looking on death with hardly a hope of life. A storm still raged about them. The ships and destroyers summoned by wireless in the last hours of the Silverhazel could not get near them.

In despair the castaways made rafts out of the wreckage, and pushed off from the rocks. If they stayed they would perish of hunger and weakness. The rescue ships might pick them up.

For all but a few that last faint hope was realised. The Peary and another destroyer, and a tug which still stood by when other rescue ships were forced to limp away, picked up with their boats 43 people from the rafts.

One brave man could not be rescued, the master of the ship, Captain Lennard of Durham. He was the last to leave the rock. He leapt into the sea carrying a dog on his shoulder; but the seas beat him down before he could reach one of the rafts he had helped to launch.

## THE WEALTH OF OUR GRASSLANDS

### Our Lamentable Waste of It

By Sir Albert Howard

Grasslands are in a most unsatisfactory state. They are often undrained; seldom either limed or manured; they yield feeble crops; they are rarely cultivated or rotated; the vast stores of valuable organic matter which accumulate on their surface are rarely exploited.

As a nation we are spending large sums every year on the study of the diseases of our livestock in the vain hope that laboratory science will find a remedy for what common sense should prevent. The cause lies much deeper than anything which is likely to be ascertained in the laboratory. It is in all probability malnutrition.

We must make our grasslands really efficient. We shall then introduce real quality into our milk, into our milk products, into our meat, and so lay one of the foundations of a sound system of preventive medicine.

## THE LANDLORD WHO LIVED ALONE

The good that Francis John Stafford of Southfields did lives after him. He was a good landlord.

Till he was gone from them none of his tenants knew how good he was, though one admitted that he was different from most landlords, because if he was asked to do any repairs to a house he did them, and did them quickly.

But others, not knowing him, said he was a proper old miser, because he lived all alone in a tiny flat.

Judge, then, of the surprise of all when they found that by his will he had left something to each one of them, sums from £10 to £100. The rest of his money went to charity.

## REMEMBRANCE TREES

It has been encouraging to notice the growing tendency to plant trees on Armistice Day, and we see that Leiston in Suffolk ended its Jubilee celebrations on November 11 on a very happy note.

After the Two Minute Silence children from the two schools planted an avenue of 54 trees—red may, Cornish elm, mountain ash, and purple prunus. A boy and girl planted each tree, the children being chosen to represent 108 families in the town.

## TWO BROTHERS

### A Requiem By the Irish Shore

#### FATHER'S TRAGIC LAST HOUR

Through the pathos of the tale of the Irish sailing-boat which went down off the coast of Donegal shines a rare gleam of courage.

The boat, with 19 Irish harvesters returning home to Aranmore Island, capsized in a fog, and only one was saved. At the sad funeral on the island, with poor women weeping for the loss of their husbands and brothers, the parish priest told the tale of Patrick Gallagher, who alone had been rescued.

After the wreck of the boat nine of the men tried to climb on her, including Pat Gallagher, his father, and his three brothers. Ned Ward, the bowman of the Aran lifeboat, clutched the father and struggled alongside with him. Then he shouted "Here is your father for you, Pat," and Pat took hold of his father. He held him for some time but in the end had to let him go, for he was so heavy.

Through the long dark night Patrick clung with one hand to the overturned boat, and with the other had held up his brother. Twelve hours he had kept that sad vigil while his brother grew weaker and weaker, and at last slipped away from life. Toward the last the brother who lived had tried to cheer the one who died by singing to him some of the old Gaelic songs they had learned as boys.

When it was all over it was found that Ned Ward, who brought Patrick's father to him, had gone.

## GOOD DEED OF 60 YEARS AGO

### Australia's Grace Darling

For nearly sixty years an old lady who has just passed on at Perth, Western Australia, has been affectionately remembered throughout the Commonwealth as its Grace Darling.

Her name was Grace Bussell, and she was a girl of 16 when, one day, riding on the cliffs near Cape Leeuwin, the most south-westerly point of Australia, she saw the sailing ship Georgette stranded in the surf. She and the native stockman from her father's farm, who was riding with her, saw the boats lowered with women and children capsized.

Down the perilous path of the cliffs she and the stockman rode at the peril of their lives. When they got to the beach they drove their horses through the surf to where the survivors were clinging to the capsized boats. She lifted the children in her arms to sit beside her. Women clung to her skirts and the saddle, and she got them back to land.

Not one but several trips she made till she had brought back all who were in sight and could be reached. Then, leaving the stockman to do what he could for them, she galloped back 12 miles to the farm, told her father, and fainted. Her father put food and blankets in a wagon and drove off to the beach to complete the work of rescue.

In later life Grace Bussell married Frederick Drake Brockman, a pioneer of Western Australia, and was his widow when she died. Her name and fame are carried on by her eldest son Brigadier-General Drake Brockman, who was one of the Australian representatives of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva.

## THE BUSY ENGINEERS

The engineers, those all-important workers, are increasingly busy. Their trade union has no less than 225,005 members, and last month the number unemployed had been reduced to 14,310. At one time it was 45,000.

## RUSSIA'S PLACE IN THE ATOM

### A Struggle For a Scientist

#### KAPITZA TO DO HIS PRYING IN MOSCOW

Soviet Russia is eager to have its place in the atom. Last spring it detained Dr Peter Kapitza to explore the unknown country.

Kapitza was one of the able scientists who sought a home at Cambridge at a time when Russia, like France in her revolutionary era, had no use for scientific men. The university soon found him work to do among the band of young men trying to find what the atom is and how its wheels go round.

The Russian did his part of the inquiry to the admiration of all. He worked with liquid helium and with electric voltages comparable with the lightning discharge. Under the combined influence of excessively low temperatures and tremendously powerful magnetic fields the atom discloses new aspects of its mechanism.

#### Science Knows No Frontiers

The results were most promising when Kapitza went back to Russia for a holiday. But the Soviet thought so highly of him that they forbade his return to Cambridge. Cambridge complained at the loss of its student, but Russia turned deaf ears, and declared that Kapitza must work at home. A laboratory would be built for him.

There was nothing to be done except make the best of it. Russia has followed up her capture of the student by asking to buy the very valuable apparatus with which he worked at Cambridge. The university, rightly thinking that it does not matter where the work takes place so long as it is done, has consented. Kapitza will pry into the atom in Moscow, though the work at Cambridge has moved a step forward since he left.

It is a noteworthy illustration of the saying that science knows no frontiers.

## DEER CHILD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

### The Strange Adventure of Little Stanley

They now call Stanley Hubert the deer baby, and after his adventure in British Columbia he is, if possible, dearer still to his mother and father.

He was clutching the hand of his sister Mary, aged five, in the garden on the edge of the wood, when a buck deer from the forest came to join this children's party.

It was such a friendly deer that it bent its antlered head to lick the baby's face. But Stanley, only just over a year old, was frightened by this familiarity and lifted his baby arms to ward the strange beast off.

As he did so his red wool sweater caught in the deer's antlers, and the deer, no less startled than Stanley, dashed off, carrying the baby with him.

On he went, while Mary's cries mingled with those of Stanley, which grew fainter and fainter in the distance as the deer headed for the creek. The neighbours heard the little girl's cries and came to see what was the matter.

They followed the deer's tracks to where the creek is spanned by a log, and still there was no sign of deer or baby. They searched the stream. Had the baby fallen in when the deer dashed across?

He had not. They found him crying loudly in a bush where the buck deer had succeeded in dropping him and had then gone on to tell his family of his strange adventure.



## MAGELLAN'S CLOUDS

### A Long-Kept Secret of the Sky

In November 1520 Ferdinand Magellan the navigator rounded South America and passed through the strait which to this day bears his name.

Looking upward in the starry night he saw majestic wisps of the veil of stars we call the Milky Way. None had noted them before, and they also bear his name, the Magellanic Clouds.

They have remained for more than four centuries one of the mysteries of the visible universe of stars, a part of it, yet breaking its symmetry. In this century the astronomers have measured it anew, calculating its immense width of 100,000 light-years, and assigning to it a shape like a bulging disc and a slow movement of revolution.

Till this year the Clouds of Magellan have remained a secret of its structure, seeming to belong to it, yet detached from it; but now their mystery seems likely to be solved by the American astronomers with the aid of their giant telescopes.

The Clouds of Magellan are themselves starry universes, like the Milky Way but smaller, and so near the greater one that we may think of them as almost being swallowed up by it.

There are other star-clouds within the Milky Way which are galaxies in miniature. Each Magellanic cloud is in itself a small universe, but in calling it small we are comparing it with the immensities of space beyond. The large cloud is 18,000 light-years across and 86,000 distant. The small cloud is 12,000 light-years across and 95,000 away.

The light that fell on Magellan's eyes had been carrying its message for 90,000 years. It was more than four centuries before the meaning of its message was made plain.

This has been a terrifying earthquake year. In the first six months there were 16 destructive ones, four destroying many lives as well as houses.

## NEWS FROM THE LONELY ISLAND

It is seldom that news reaches us from Tristan da Cunha, the lonely South Atlantic isle whose 44 square miles make a little world apart.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel keeps a chaplain there, and he must be general handyman for the hard-working descendants of a British garrison and a few whalers. The present chaplain is Mr Harold Wilde, and his latest report tells that the population is growing so that it is difficult to find room in the church. He has made forms out of boxes; his altar is an old chest of drawers; the church floor is patched.

Rats are threatening the precious potato crop of the island, and fishing goes on with inadequate tackle. Lines and hooks are sometimes bitten off or broken, and twine and even clothes-lines have to be used. However, Mr Wilde sends the encouraging news that "already the spirit of the island is changing; we are losing the spirit of getting and cultivating the Christian spirit of giving."

We are glad to know that the S P G is sending stores by a boat leaving South Africa next month. Among the papers carried on that ship will be the CN, which wishes courage and God's blessing to the lonely people and their chaplain.

## HISTORY AT AUCTION

At 3 o'clock in the morning on the day of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington wrote a famous letter to the British Ambassador in Paris.

Knowing that the outcome of the battle was uncertain, Wellington wrote:

*Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well.*

That is the spirit which conquers every kind of bogey, from Corsican ogres to trade depressions.

A private collector has just bought the letter at Sotheby's for £230.

## THE BUILDER'S PENNY

### 700,000 To Get It

The builders employees, a big army, are sharing in the increased prosperity.

The trade has a National Joint Council of masters and men, and it was recently decided to advance wages by a penny an hour in two instalments, a halfpenny last July, and another in the New Year.

The first halfpenny duly came into force, but it was stipulated that there should be an investigation of conditions in the distressed areas to see whether the other halfpenny should apply to them.

The point, we are glad to say, has been decided, and the distressed areas are to get the second instalment, so that the whole trade will gain the two halfpennies per hour.

A penny an hour more for builders means that workers numbering some 700,000 will be earning about 4s more a week.

## DO WASPS EAT CRANEFLIES?

We have recorded some evidence that wasps do eat craneflies. A Surrey school-teacher tells us of a case witnessed during the past summer.

The class was having lessons out of doors, and a little pupil called out that a daddy-long-legs, as the cranefly is usually known, was flying round her. It settled on an empty chair, and presently someone exclaimed that a wasp was eating Daddy-long-legs. The teacher investigated and found the wasp eating busily; when the meal was finished, and the wasp departed of its own accord, only two long legs were left on the chair.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Cepheus	See-sue
Kielce	Kyale-tse
Magellan	Ma-jel-an
Polaris	Po-lay-ris
Tamerlane	Tam-er-lane

## THE LEAGUE GOES ON WITH ITS WORK

### Saving the Health of the World

Many are the ways in which Geneva goes on quietly with the work of the world.

One of them, performed with no sound of trumpet by the Hygienic Congress convened there, has been to divide up among the nations the care of the remedies for the prevention of disease.

To London has been given the charge of all the preparations of insulin, indispensable in the treatment of a disease long thought to be incurable. The preparations will be collected, exchanged, and distributed. London will also be the central exchange for the vitamins, both in their examination and their preparation.

To the Royal Danish Serum Institute at Copenhagen has been assigned the serums found effective against dysentery, lockjaw, diphtheria, and pneumonia. Other centres are given other charges, and between the nations will be a continual exchange of knowledge concerning them.

So the League goes on doing its quiet work for the curing of the diseases of the body which menace the happiness of so many lives. What now we want is a League against the mind diseases which threaten the peace of the world.

## NO CLASS AT SCHOOL

In America all children go to the same schools whatever the incomes of their parents. That is the path to the abolition of class distinction, and many people here think we should follow it.

The chairman of the LCC Education Committee, Mrs E. M. Lowe, strongly supports the one-class school idea. The way to it is undoubtedly, as she urges, to raise the elementary school standard to such a level that it will be respected as the ideal school for all.

**PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP**

**MOOSE DISCOVERY**  
A new race of moose was found in northern British Columbia by a flying expedition which has been studying the animal life of North-West Canada.

**HUNTING WALRUS**  
Greenland Eskimos are now engaged in hunting the walrus. This great marine mammal is sometimes 12 feet long and may weigh as much as 3000 pounds.

**A VITAL FOOD CROP**  
The harvest of dates, which in the desert oases are the staple food, has now begun in North Africa, the Tunisian crop being specially important.

**WAR ON TERMITES**  
The attack of termites on Napoleon's St Helena home, Longwood, became so serious that a French ship raced against time with liquid-fire apparatus to help to fight against the pest.

**INSECT ALLY**  
A New Zealand scientist is collecting insects in Chile to take home with him. They eat the seeds of plants with burrs and teasels which cling to the wool of sheep.

**ANCIENT MINE FOUND**  
At Kielce in Poland the well-preserved workings of an ancient copper mine have been discovered. Tools and implements were found in the mine, which flourished probably 3000 years ago.

**INDIAN FLAMINGOES AT HOME**  
An expedition of naturalists has discovered the Indian nesting-place of flamingoes after crossing hundreds of miles of the Great Rann Desert of Cutch in intense heat. The nests were in a region of salt mud-flats.

**THE SAND PERIL**  
Drifting sand is a growing menace to settlers in Central Australia. Destruction of grass and shrubs by rabbits and rats has helped to loosen the dry soil.

**OPENING-UP THE ARCTIC**  
In order to study the full possibilities of the Arctic sea route between Vladivostok and Murmansk the Soviet authorities are building six powerful icebreakers. They will carry planes and much scientific equipment.

**HELPING THE FARMERS**  
The question is being considered of Government help in the form of loans for banana growers whose plantations suffer storm damage in Jamaica. Only last month two million stems of fruit were lost.

**THE WORLD'S STORM TRACKS FOR NOVEMBER**  
Line of the Arctic Night No Sun north of this line.  
Within this belt the Sun is overhead at noon this week.  
Direction of storm tracks.  
Stormiest areas.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 23 1935

## Is the Lord Chief Justice Right?

WE may wonder if the Lord Chief Justice has not made a slip in one of his speeches.

Replying to the toast of His Majesty's Judges he said: "I am sure the significance of the title does not escape you, for the judges are His Majesty's Judges, not the servants of a Government nor of a Minister, but the independent judges of a free people, appointed directly by the King."

It is important that there should be no misunderstanding on a matter of such vital concern.

The glory of our judicial system is that judges, once appointed, so long as they conduct themselves properly, serve their 15 years of responsibility without let or hindrance, whatever party is in power. But the origin of their appointment in no wise differs from that of other officers of the Crown. They are appointed by the King on the advice of his responsible Ministers, not on the personal choice of the Sovereign.

We are all His Majesty's loving subjects, all his servants. He is the supreme head of the Church, of the Army and Navy, and of all the great services of the State. But he does not himself select the men who are to control those services; the names are proposed to him by his Ministers.

The nation has just elected a new Parliament to help the King to govern the Empire. From the members elected the new Government will be formed, the names being laid before the King by the Prime Minister. The King does not choose the officers of State; he accepts them on the advice of the Prime Minister.

Were the King, unadvised, to appoint his Ministers, bishops, judges, ambassadors, admirals, generals, we should no longer be a constitutional monarchy. The freedom of choice which it is our privilege to enjoy is the fruit of centuries of progress and development in the relations between the Crown and the nation, and makes us the envy of civilised nations. We elect the Parliament from which the Government is formed, and the Government advises the King. Without such counsel he does not act.

The appointment of the judges is no exception to the rule. They reach the Bench as the result of the nomination of the Government, approved by the Sovereign. There is nothing peculiar in the manner of their appointment; they are not a body apart from the rest of the nation, except that, once they have been selected for their great position, they cannot be removed by any change in the Government.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## What Shall It Profit Them?

ITALY has freed 16,000 slaves, we read in the strange declaration of Signor Mussolini.

It may be. But of what avail, we wonder, is the freedom of 16,000 slaves in a State enslaved?

## A Tip For the Guest

WE have not had an opportunity to record it before, but, late as it is, it seems to us worth while to put on record this note which the guests at the Lord Mayor's banquet found on their tables.

*The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs ask that gratuities should not be given to waiters, and, if solicited, the fact should be reported to a member of the Committee.*

## Up In the Dome

ONE unexpected thing we did suddenly the other day and one remarkable thing we saw.

What we did was to walk into the dome of St Paul's; what we saw on the way was an ancient manuscript written 780 years ago and now in the cathedral library.

It confirms the charter given to St Paul's by Canute, being a copy of the original charter made on vellum. The charter is about a hundred words long, and its last words are an expression of the king's wish that if anyone should presume to contest the gift of these lands he should be exiled from the community of Paradise.

## Who Cares?

WHY should a stern struggle for the privilege of electing representatives to Parliament or Local Authority be followed by apathy in the use of the vote?

In London, for example, about two in three voters go to the poll for Parliament, while for the County Council only one in three troubles to record his vote!

We suppose it is all a matter of education. Many children leave school with hardly a glimmering of knowledge about the Vote or why it should be used. School done with, the battle of life begins, and any further information is mainly gleaned from the papers. These devote 20 columns to racing, sport, crime, and sensation to one column of serious information.

## We Wonder

THE natives of the occupied territories in Abyssinia are anxiously asking for a photograph of Signor Mussolini to hang up in their huts.

A War Correspondent

## The Great Country

Sitting still and wishing  
Don't make no country great.  
The good Lord sends the fishing,  
But you must dig the bait.

An American Rhyme

## The Strivers

Oh, there be many souls that strive  
Within a narrow scope  
To wrest from out the bitter soil  
The harvest of their hope!

And there be many who in vain  
Have waited for reward,  
Yet still they, questionless, remain  
The servants of their Lord.

Dumb things that ask not why nor when,

That heed not stripes nor scorn,  
Who wear for daily recompense  
Their Master's crown of thorn.

Borrowed from an old copy  
of the Westminster Gazette

## Tip-Cat

AUTUMN flowers have not been so plentiful as usual. Haven't come up to expectations.

YOUNG people should not take everything so seriously. They should leave some things for older people.

THE camera often lies idle all winter, says a writer. Thought the camera couldn't lie.

BOWLERS are not often seen nowadays, says a hatter. Wait till the cricket season starts.

WHAT sort of people eat fish and chips? somebody asks. Hungry ones.



Peter Puck  
Wants To  
Know

If the MPs  
who have lost  
their seats are  
still standing

MANY people like beams across the ceiling. Builders say they hold up the work.

A NEW dress hook has been invented. Meant to catch the eye.

BUTTONLESS shirts are popular. Our laundry will keep us in the fashion.

SOME people burn their bills. In the heat of the moment.

CARPETS are one of the most noticeable features of a house. Yet most looked down on.



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

FROM 10 to 20 secondary schools have now reduced or abolished homework.

IN the hardest-hit distressed area last year the average savings were £9 a head.

## JUST AN IDEA

It helps things along wonderfully when ordinary folk do ordinary things perfectly well.

## That's the Way For Billy and Me

It is just 100 years since James Hogg died. He is the Ettrick Shepherd to lovers of literature, but to all children he is the writer of these familiar lines.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to track the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

## Only a Word

By Our Country Girl

IN all your life you never saw anyone with a limp like this young man's.

He drags himself so slowly that he can never hope to command a man's wage, and of course he is cut off from games. *All this because of one little word.*

As a little boy he was taken from his country home to a London hospital where a world-famous surgeon performed a wonderful operation. When his mother came to fetch him home the Sister said to her, "You must not let him walk."

The widow carried the child from bed to chair, from chair to table, and hired a wheeled chair to take him out. At the end of three months she had to bring him up to London again. When the specialist saw the leg he could hardly contain his horror.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried. "You have not been letting him walk?"

"No, sir," said the mother. "Not a single step."

"But I said Let him walk!" cried the surgeon. "The whole operation is wasted. Nothing can be done now."

The Sister had slipped in one extra word. It cost the nurse her post, and it ruined the boy's life.

## John Locke's Philosophy

As the strength of the body lies chiefly in being able to endure hardships, so also does that of the mind. And the great principle and foundation of all virtue and worth is placed in this: that a man is able to deny himself of his own desires, cross his own inclinations, and purely follow what reason directs as best, though the appetite lean the other way.

## A Word From Shakespeare

To Our New MPs

Men of few words are the best men.  
Henry the Fifth



## THE DICTATORS

### Three Simple Men

#### WAYS OF TYRANTS OLD AND NEW

The public acts of tyrants and dictators vary little from age to age, but the habits of the men themselves do alter.

We have three dictators, in Germany, Russia, and Italy, as despotic and injurious to the cause of humanity as those of whom we read in history, yet they differ from their predecessors.

It is mainly in respect of personal habit, their way of domestic life. Nero with his gambling—a fortune at a throw—his wildly extravagant Golden House worth a province, his banquets; Tamerlane with the spoil of half the world, and captive kings harnessed to his chariot, crying as he lashed them,

*Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!  
What, can ye draw but twenty miles  
a day?*

would feel that their successors do not understand the art of tyranny.

#### Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin

For, contrary to all precedent, each of these three dictators is an abstemious, thrifty man so far as personal expenditure is concerned. Hitler neither smokes nor drinks, and is a vegetarian; Mussolini lives mainly on fruit, rice, macaroni, and milk, with rarely a meat dish; Stalin, who controls the destinies of 170 million Russians, lives at Moscow like a peasant, uneasy in promotion to the possibility of a greater range of comfort and luxury.

In his biography of Stalin, published by the Bodley Head, the late M. Henri Barbusse, describing his visit to the Russian dictator, tells us that he found him living in an insignificant house, once occupied by an obscure servant of the Tsar. In the dining-room is a divan on which Stalin's eldest son sleeps at night. Stalin, who limits himself to a salary of £25 a month, wears a uniform like the Russian private soldiers, with cheap top boots and a khaki shirt. There are no luxurious banquets for him or his family; all the meals are sent in from a restaurant.

The total outlay on the households of the present rulers of these three Empires, Russia, Germany, and Italy, would cost less for a year than Nero spent on a single dinner party.

Yet temperance in food and drink has not brought temperance of conduct and outlook to Nero's successors. Clearly it is the mind and not the meals that matter.

## LET US REJOICE

### 290 Millions Paid To Widows

It seems only the other day that people were hoping we should someday be able to legislate to give pensions to poor widows.

Since the Act has been in operation the great sum of £290,000,000 has been distributed. Over 4,300,000 pensions have been granted. The number of current pensioners is 2,818,000.

These figures represent succour brought to hard-working bereaved women, and it is something to rejoice in.

## THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF THE ETERNAL CITY

There is a new Rome today, the Rome of the University.

Its group of buildings has just been inaugurated on the eastern border of the Eternal City, on the road to Tivoli, and, spread over 40 acres, presents to the eye a scene as simple and severe as modern architects can produce.

The only ornament to the austere front of the main building is a huge relief of a torchbearer leading Pegasus, the winged steed of Italian poets. The buildings have cost about £1,600,000.

## THE NATION THAT

### FOUND A MAN

#### Kemal Ataturk and His Big State

The new Turkey of Kemal Ataturk is becoming a big State.

In 1932 its population was estimated at 14,920,000. An official census now shows that it has risen to 16,200,000. Turkey in Europe accounts for only 1,100,000, leaving 15,100,000 as the population of Turkey in Asia. Constantinople has a population of 741,000.

The New Turks are proud of their progress and of the leader whose inspiration made it possible. In twelve years a great revolution has occurred in Turkish life and work, and the women, now unveiled, have votes and take a lively part in public affairs and private industry. The Turks hope soon to number 20 millions and to be recognised as prominent contributors to world civilisation.

Carlyle believed in the theory that the destiny of all mankind is largely shaped by the leadership and inspiration of prophets, priests, and kings. Not all thinkers subscribe to this belief; but it is true that Turkey found a Man who led her out of defeat and despair into new life and hope.

## TRAPPING THE STARFISH

### Science Finds a Way

The Blue Point Oyster, though not to be compared with the Whitstable or Colchester Native, is far more plentiful about its native Long Island.

But the Long Island oyster beds have suffered so severely from the attacks of the starfish that the U.S. authorities have taken the matter in hand. The starfishes are destroying the beds by the square mile, wrapping themselves round the shell, prising the bivalve open, and eating it.

The first step toward dealing with these unsatisfactory customers is to learn their life-history and how, when, and where they migrate in the sea; but a difficulty in tracking the starfish arises at once. If it is captured, and anything is tied round it, the starfish wriggles out of any kind of knot as soon as it is returned to the water. If a tab is attached to one of its rays it rids itself of it by shedding the limb.

But the resources of science are not easily exhausted. There is a stain, Nile Blue, employed by bacteriologists, which is almost impossible to wash away, so 25,000 starfish were captured and dropped into vats of Nile Blue, where they remained for an hour.

When they came out they were none the worse, but instead of being pink were deep blue for the rest of their lives. They were put back in the sea, and every coast fisherman is now on the lookout for blue-rayed starfish, ready to report them to headquarters.

These blue rays are as effective as finger-prints among criminals.

## THE BLUE LIGHT

### News For Artichoke Moths

Science, taking note that many insects have favourite colours, has come to the rescue of the vineyards and market gardens of California.

The growers are much plagued by the grape leaf-hoppers and the artichoke plume-moths, and both these pests are attracted by blue light. Consequently in the vineyards and artichoke fields blue electric lamps enclosed in electrically-charged wire cages are set at intervals. The hoppers and the plume-moths cannot resist the invitation, and charge to their doom. The leaf-hopper is disappearing, and the destruction of artichoke heads has fallen from one in four to one in thirty.

## THE STARLINGS OF

### THE TEMPLE

#### Why Do They Come and Go?

A charming friend and neighbour of the C.N. who lives in the Temple has been puzzled by the behaviour of the starlings this autumn.

They have come in vast flocks to roost on the trees of Temple Gardens and on the roofs of the buildings for three nights in succession, and then have come no more.

Why they should have decided to quit is a mystery, for they can hardly have read the notices on the gates which state that anyone making a noise will be removed.

#### From Sunset To Dawn

In recent years flocks of starlings have come into the heart of London on autumn evenings in increasing numbers, and the din they make rises high above the noise of traffic. Charing Cross is sometimes black instead of white, so dense is the crowd of birds perching on it, and the twittering on the eaves of the National Gallery is incredible. Flocks cover the roofs of Somerset House and every tree on the Embankment is crowded with gossipers.

They arrive about an hour before sunset, and scatter again at dawn to the fields and gardens round London.

Starlings migrate from the north of our island to the river valleys of the midland and southern counties in the autumn, there to join the local starlings. Many starlings also come to spend the winter here from Scandinavia, Finland, and the Baltic States, with the result that our starling population is a big one in the winter.

Half-flooded meadows are favourite haunts, and it may be an old instinct that brings them to the neighbourhood of the Thames, which flowed through low-lying marshes and meadows before London was built.

#### A Wonderful Sight

Writing 100 years ago of a sight which delighted him as he watched from a dam across a sheet of water toward a beech wood, Bishop Edward Stanley thus described the assemblage of the starlings on a November evening:

About an hour before sunset little flocks by twenties or fifties kept gradually dropping in, their numbers increasing as daylight waned till one vast flight was formed. Nothing could be more beautiful to witness than their graceful evolutions. At first they might be seen advancing high in the air like a dark cloud, which in an instant, as if by magic, became almost invisible, the whole body changing their course and presenting their wings edgewise. At length, with one simultaneous rush, down they glide with a roaring noise of wing till the vast mass buries itself unseen (but not unheard) amid a bed of reeds, for no sooner were they perched than every throat seemed to open, forming one incessant confusion of tongues.

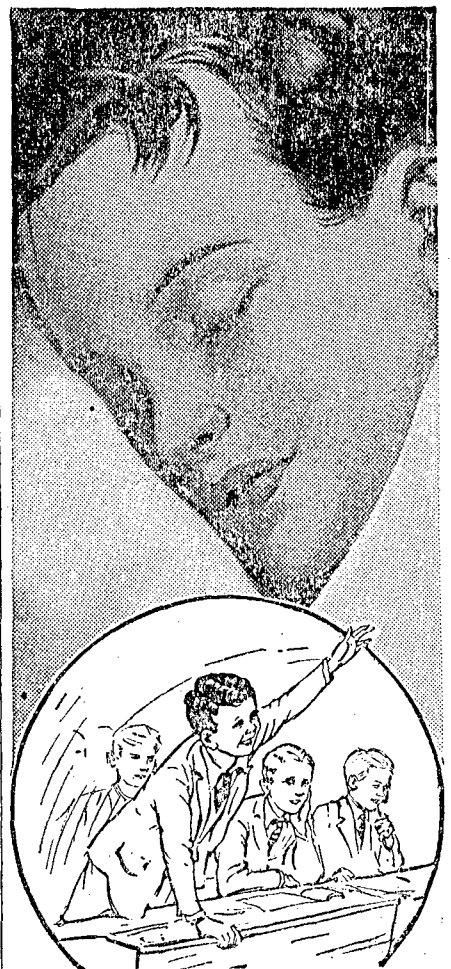
We do not know why the starlings invade the Temple, but the fact that they do so is in itself a contribution to our knowledge of their ways.

## NEW RAILWAYS IN LOVELY COUNTRY

Among schemes to be carried out by the G.W.R. as part of new railway developments will be the construction of two new lines.

One line, seven miles long, will run from a junction near St Germans Station to the delightful little Cornish port of Looe. There will be three intermediate stations, at Hennenford, Seaton Beach, and Millendreath.

The other will be a bypass railway about eight miles long which will leave the present main line at Dawlish Warren to rejoin it at Newton Abbot in Devon.



## Sound Sleep to-night means Better Work to-morrow

SOMETHING more than fresh air, exercise and good food is needed to keep children in vigorous good health. Regular sleep is all-important. Upon this depends the renewal of strength, energy and vitality—essential for the work and play of the coming day.

Long experience proves that 'Ovaltine' is the best bedtime beverage for ensuring sound, natural sleep. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' provides all the nourishment required for building up new strength, abundant energy and vitality during the hours of sleep.

As the daytime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' is without equal for building up and maintaining robust health and energy.

But, it must be 'Ovaltine,' and not an imitation made to look the same. There are extremely important differences.

# OVALTINE

The World's Best Night-cap

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin. P. 70a

Every Boy and Girl  
should join the  
League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.



## The Life and Death of Jimmy Collins

JIMMY COLLINS was a famous air pilot who wrote his own testament in anticipation of death. He wrote it in a little book called *Test Pilot*.

He was one of many unemployed pilots when he was first offered the job of demonstrating a new aeroplane for the American Navy.

The test was to be by a dive from a great height, and the pay was £300 with a free insurance policy for £3000. He made the test and survived, but it was a sickening experience. When he got down to the ground he "felt all torn down inside," and he was told of another pilot who broke bloodvessels and was never right again.

However, badly in want of handsome pay, Jimmy Collins did it again, and then once more. The once more proved to be the last. Crashing 10,000 feet, he was found broken and mangled. It was to have been his final trip, to earn money for his family before becoming a professional writer. He left a "testament," from which we take what follows:

I remember the youth of my flying, that burst of glory, and how the world shone with the radiance of it.

## Sword of Peace on the Battlefield

THERE was once a man who collected antiques in the middle of a battle.

It was in the Seven Weeks War between Austria and Prussia, which ended, as we all remember, in the overwhelming defeat of Austria.

Young Count Wilczek hated war, but he felt it his duty to fight for Austria, and he enlisted.

Once his company was in a steep forest glade surrounded by dense brushwood with a strong detachment of the enemy at the upper end.

The Prussians opened fire, and the Austrians took cover behind a fencing of brushwood in the middle of the glade. As he peered through the brushwood to observe the enemy Wilczek caught sight of a greenish object sticking out of the ground.

It looked like bronze. Could it be one of the ancient weapons the plough sometimes turns up? Wilczek stared at it until he was almost certain it was a Celtic sword. A wild longing to get it overtook him, and, leaving the cover of the hedge, he rushed out and pulled it from the ground.

It was indeed a Celtic sword. He stuck it through the straps of his knapsack and made off, amid wild firing from the enemy.

The Austrians withdrew into a maize-field and tried to outflank the men on the heights. In the ascent the sword got loose, and while another Austrian was helping to tighten it he was shot in the breast. Count Wilczek had to hurry on to the attack.

## Richard Boyd, Slave

IN the city of Nashville in Tennessee stands a block of buildings that not only tell of a publishing romance, but at the same time prove that the Negro can succeed in business.

In 1859 there was sold at a slave auction-block for 700 dollars a Negro who came to bear the name of Richard Boyd. During the American Civil War the slave remained true to his Texas master, and after his master's death looked after the plantation. When emancipation came he moved off to the town and succeeded in getting some education.

He soon discovered that there was need among the Negroes for simple religious literature.

He took a room in Nashville and started a publishing business.

It created life for me, for man shall not live by bread alone. Only his dreams and his vision sustain him.

But evil days drew nigh. The glow died down, and the colours of the Earth showed up. Ambition, money. Love and cares and worry.

Finally there came a time when I would rather eat than fly, and money was a precious thing. They offered me money, and there was still a small glow of the deep, strong dream.

The ship was beautiful. Its silver wings glistened in the sun. Its motor was a strong song that lifted it to great heights. And then . . . Down!

A roar of flashing steel and a streak of glinting . . . oh yes, oh yes, now . . . breaking wings . . . Too frail . . . the wings . . . the dream . . . the evil days. The long loud diving roar of the motor, rising to the awful crashing crescendo of its impact with the earth, was my death song. I am dead now!

There are few days in the week in which brave men, all unknown to us, are not facing death in the work of civilisation. Sometimes we read of them as mere columns of figures. Few have the power to tell us, like Jimmy Collins, what it is like to be very near death.

Now the Prussians were quite close. To the end of his life Wilczek could hear their officers shouting, "Keep shooting, lads! You can see the tall ones."

He took a narrow path bordering the maize-field. Beyond were a hedge and a deep ravine. Suddenly a band of Prussians appeared round a bend.

Wilczek jumped the hedge, fell far down the ravine, and landed on a rocky shelf. His first thought was of the Celtic sword. It was unbroken! After a few minutes rest he staggered down to the railway embankment below. The heights were black with Prussians, and bullets flew like hail.

Two of his men found him lying unconscious. They helped him along, but were both shot down in crossing a field. But at last Wilczek managed to get to Pressburg, his ancient sword still safe, and more precious to him than his sword of war.

All that was in 1866. To the end of his long life Count Wilczek loved and collected antiques. But he was no mere selfish collector. It was he who founded the First-Aid Society. He was the moving spirit of the first Austrian expedition to the North Pole. He went to help the starving after the earthquake at Messina, and he toiled for the wounded in the Great War. He was the friend of science and the arts and the disciple of charity.

Ten years after his death his children published his story, and the English version is called *Happy Retrospect*, published by Bell & Sons.

The room is preserved with reverent care. It is eight feet by ten, and is furnished with a small table, a couple of chairs, an oil lamp, a bottle of ink, two penholders, and a little packet of notepaper and envelopes.

The business prospered from the first. The block of buildings is known as the National Baptist Publishing Board, and it supplies the needs of Negro churches and Sunday schools in the southern part of U.S.A.

The amount of business done may be gauged from the fact that as many as 2000 letters reach them in one day, and they send out over half a million printed periodicals a month.

Richard Boyd died a few years ago, and it is a noteworthy fact that his son presides over the business today.

## 14 MILES UP

### FLEET STREET TALKS WITH THE HIGHEST MEN

#### The Daring Explorers of the Stratosphere Above Us

#### SEEKING NEW KNOWLEDGE

After delay in waiting on the weather the U.S. Air Force balloon got safely from the ground in Nebraska, went up 14 miles, and got safely down again.

All earlier ascents in Europe were left behind and America holds one more record. That in itself seems less wonderful than that while the balloon was five miles up the *Daily Telegraph* in London held a wireless conversation with its pilot, Captain Orvil Anderson, and the observer, Captain Albert Stevens. This link of Fleet Street with the highest flight ever made by men is remarkable, but the exploration of these heights by personally conducted flights of the stratosphere is more amazing still, and is yet in its infancy. None can tell what may come of it.

#### Where the Stratosphere Begins

The stratosphere begins about seven miles above the earth's surface, though there are variations in the height, winter and summer, and over the Arctic regions and the Equator. But when the stratosphere is reached a remarkable change takes place. Till then the temperature falls with increasing height, but in this reversible layer, or skin of the atmosphere, the fall ceases. Many explorations of it by small balloons, without human occupants but carrying recording instruments, have seemed to show that so far from falling the temperature begins to rise.

Whether the rise is continuous, or whether it ceases after a certain height is reached, is not known. The uncertainty is one of the reasons for a personal exploration of the stratosphere. Other things to be found out are whether the stratosphere is a belt of the atmosphere where there are hardly any changes of heat or currents of air, and how deep the belt may be.

#### Furnace Heat

It has been asserted that beyond the stratosphere the temperature takes a sudden jump, so that after beginning like a summer's day on the surface of the Earth it rises to furnace heat. But the balloon at its highest found a temperature of 55 degrees of frost.

Another unsolved problem is the mixture of gases in the stratosphere and above it. It was believed that at heights of 100 to 200 miles the lighter gases, like helium and hydrogen, assembled, while the heavier ones were left down below. Doubt has now been thrown on that idea, and one of the things remaining to be discovered is whether at any height we shall find the mixture as before.

#### The Cosmic Rays

The airmen, whose motto is *Excelsior*, have their own special interest in the stratosphere as a region where aeroplanes with sealed cockpits might travel unhampered by storms or currents. The air, being so much thinner, would offer less resistance, and speeds might be reached which would put the speeds of the Schneider Trophy Race to shame.

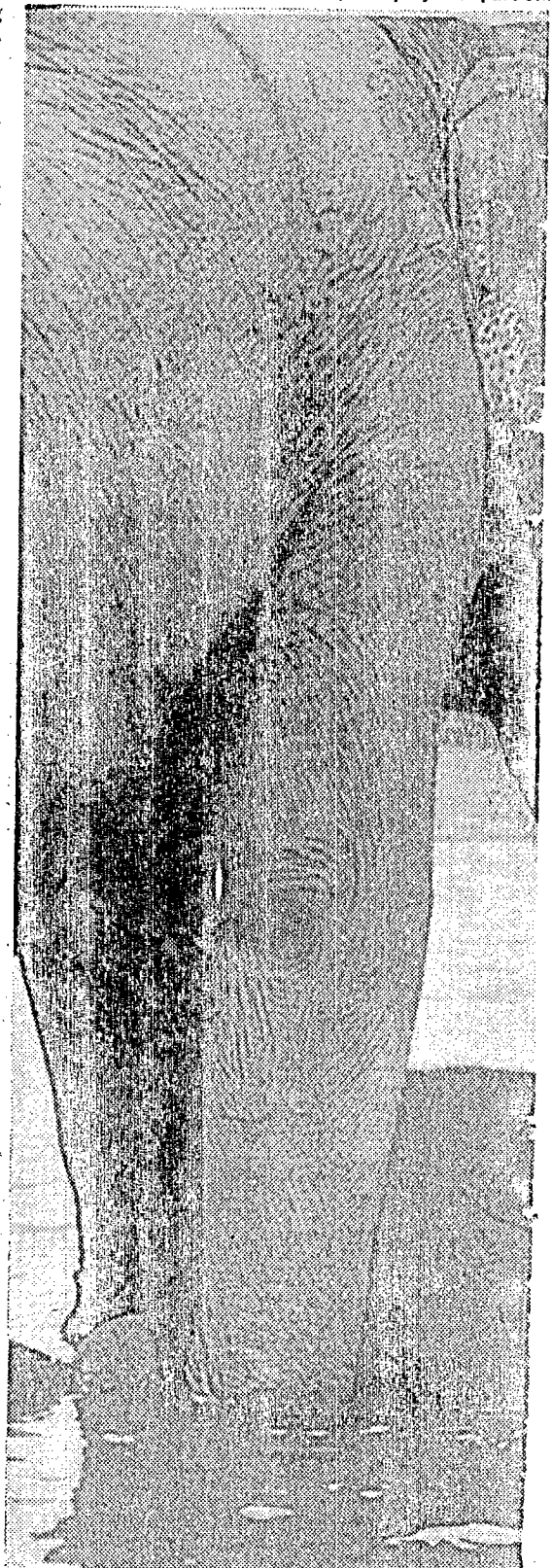
Lastly there is the problem of the cosmic rays which bombard the Earth from every direction, and have been supposed to be electric particles shot out from nebulae by the break-up of atoms.

Are these as numerous in the stratosphere as in the lower atmosphere, or is it possible that a large proportion of them are born of the break-up of the atoms of the gases in the stratosphere or above it? The balloon found them at 14 miles 150 times as intense as on the Earth's surface.

## Filming a Kipli



Sabu, who plays the part of

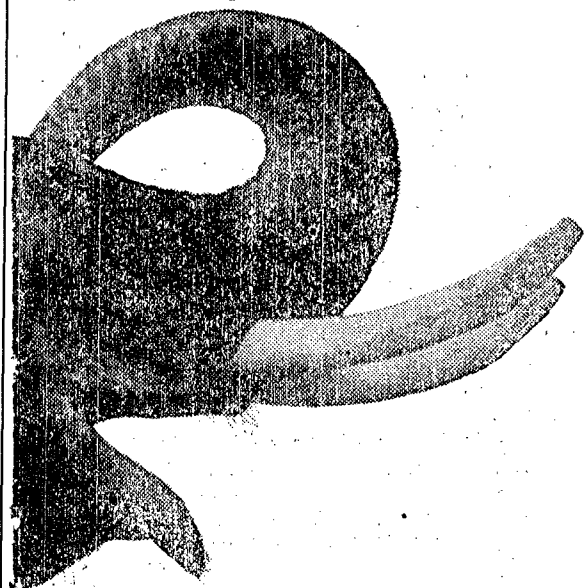


A mother elephant giv

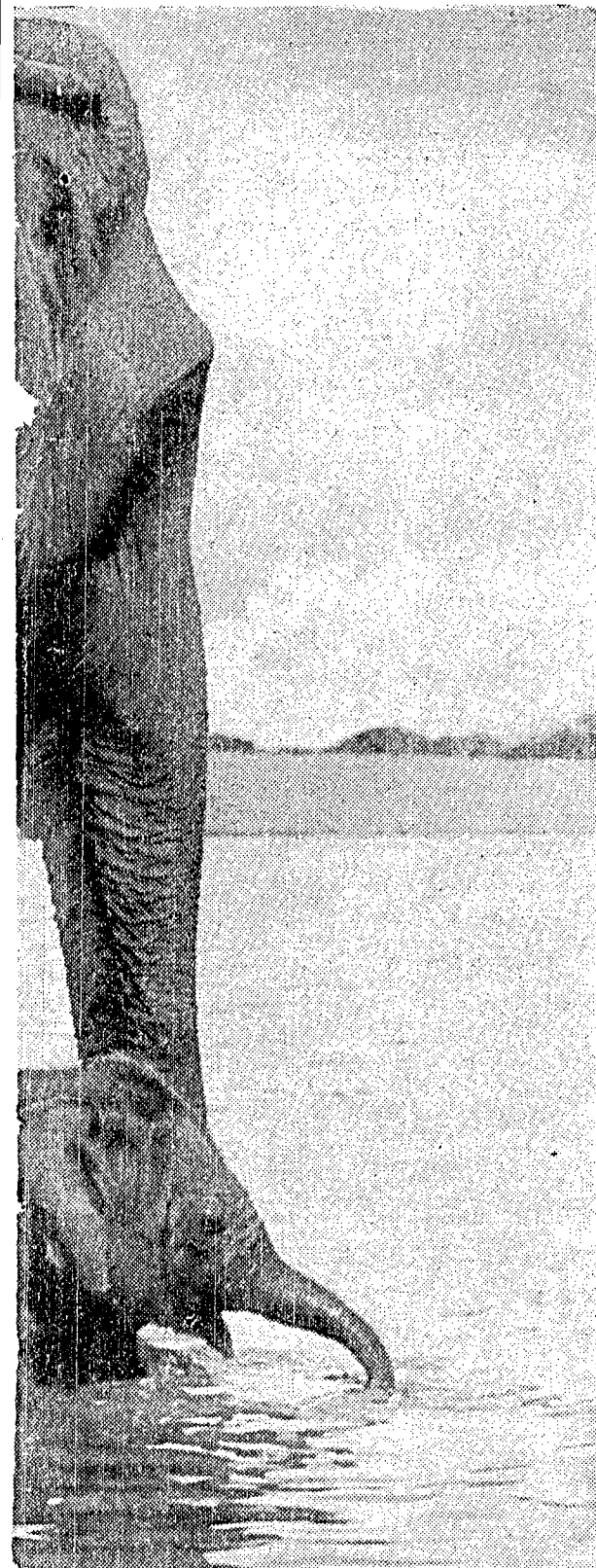
Mr Robert Flaherty, who gave us the wonderful *Man of Kipling's Toomai of the Elephants*. Here are two picture



## ing Jungle Story



the boy Toornai, riding an elephant



as her week-old baby a bath

Aran film, is at present in India taking scenes for a film of s from this London Film Production, to be called Elephant Boy.

## WINGING ACROSS THE WORLD

### The Flying-Boats of the Empire

There are to be big developments in Empire air services, and by 1937 mails will be carried in bulk by air.

For these new services, which will be available for passengers as well as mails, Imperial Airways has on order 29 new flying-boats and 12 land-planes. The new liners will fly by night and day, giving a three-day service to India, seven days to Australia, and four days to South Africa.

Flying-boats for these services are now being built by the pioneer firm of Short Brothers at Rochester. They will be veritable flying houses, having several rooms arranged on two decks. There will be comfortable seating for 24 passengers with ample room for walking, while 16 bunks will accommodate night travellers, and a well-equipped kitchen will prepare meals. They will have navigating and wireless rooms, and other rooms for mails and goods.

These giants will be 88 feet long and will have a wing-span of 114 feet. They will weigh more than 17 tons, yet their top speed will be nearly 200 miles an hour.

## A NATIONAL SCHEME TRIUMPHANT

### More Benefits For Millions

There is good news of the National Insurance scheme.

It was in 1911 that our National Health Insurance system was established, and now the Act covers nearly all our working population.

Insurance is a system by which, after careful calculation, periodical payments are made to secure the payment of a definite sum or benefit at a certain future date, or on the occurrence of some distress or calamity. In the National Health scheme weekly contributions made by the employer, the employed, and the Treasury build up a fund out of which workers obtain various benefits.

The societies are "valued" periodically, which means that their liabilities are estimated to see whether the contributions paid will meet the calls on their funds in the future.

It has been found that things have gone so well that additional benefits will be paid in future, including dental treatment, eye treatment, and free surgical appliances, while hospital and convalescent home accommodation will be increased.

The industrial recovery has helped by enabling more people to pay their contributions regularly.

## LIGHT ALIVE

### A Professor's Bacterial Rockets

Professor Hans Molisch has found the name of bacterial rockets for an entertaining display he offered of luminous bacteria.

Liquid cultures of light-giving bacteria were enclosed in long spiral glass tubes, with an air bubble at the bottom of each tube. When the tube was turned upside-down the bubble ran up and stirred the alarmed bacteria to activity. They began to glow, and the light ran up the spiral like a rocket.

About the same time the Great Hall of the Oceanographical Institute in Paris was illuminated by a battery of 40 bacterial lamps. The light of these luminous bacteria varies in colour from deep green to bright yellow, and though the hall was rather dim the display was very fine and varied.

## Tennyson's Last Sight of England

A GREAT effort is being made to save Tennyson's Lane near Haslemere, on the Surrey and Sussex border.

It leads from Haslemere up to the heights of Blackdown, past the house in which the poet lived and died, up to what he loved to call his Temple of the Winds. It was the last of England that he saw.

For more than twenty years he walked about this famous place. He laid the foundation-stone of Aldworth on Shakespeare's birthday in 1868; he walked about its stately terraces with many famous men; and it was of this great scene the poet was thinking when he dedicated a group of his poems to his wife and wrote June Bracken and Heather:

*There on the top of the down,  
The wild heather round me and over  
me June's high blue,  
When I looked at the bracken so bright  
and the heather so brown,  
I thought to myself I would offer this  
book to you,  
This, and my love together,  
To you that are seventy-seven,  
With a faith as clear as the heights of  
the June-blue heaven,  
And a fancy as summer-new  
As the green of the bracken amid the  
gloom of the heather.*

He took his last look at our English countryside on this great height, and here he died. They brought him from the highest point in Sussex to lay him in the Abbey.

It is a majestic piece of our matchless countryside, with hundreds of acres of heather growing out of the sand and hundreds of miles of England opened out below. We cannot look on this great scene without a thrill, for here is

## THE LAST RIDE OF LORD TENNYSON

While a lonely hound bayed loud, they bore the body of the poet forth and laid it upon the quiet moss-lined car, fit for some arch-Druid singer borne to burial, and over this was spread the rose-embroidered pall, and over it white wreaths.

Then was the master's horse brought quietly from the neighbouring stall, the lamps were lit each side the car, for the darkness was falling fast; and so, without sound, save of quiet wheels and soft feet upon the ground, and sighing (as of souls in sorrow from the leaves crushed underfoot), they bore him whose heart should beat no more from the quiet home of his life and labour and love to the roaring city of his tomb.

The Aldworth groves were left behind, and we gained the moor; very dark and black, the Down sloped up toward the lingering sunset light. Villagers here and villagers there, in groups, were waiting with bared heads to watch the dumb procession pass in the purple

half the Weald of Sussex, with its towers and spires and hamlets, its green meadows and dark woods, its thousand miles of little lanes and streets and great highways, its timbered cottages and country houses, its murmuring streams meandering past, the very fields where Shelley heard the skylark sing; all western Sussex, from Leith Hill in Surrey to the noble height of Chanctonbury Ring, where our fathers camped before English poetry was born. The poet would miss the river, and often he wished for one, but he caught sight of the sea, to his great delight, just where the Arun joins the sea by Arundel, and he wrote to a friend who saw it often with him:

*You came, and looked, and loved the view  
Long known and loved by me,  
Green Sussex fading into blue  
With one grey glimpse of sea.*

It is pathetic, remembering that this was the last of England Tennyson saw, to read the next two lines:

*And, gazing from this height alone,  
We spoke of what had been.*

"They be going to carry him away," said a bent old man when he died; "he'd a great deal better ha' bided here." We may all feel that.

Never has Blackdown known a more moving spectacle than the little procession that left it on that October night. It had left his old house, looking out on all this glory, with his bust in the hall and the fine portrait by Watts looking down from the wall. His great hound walked like a stricken thing in the deep silence of the lonely hills. The Sun was setting on the Temple of the Winds, now darkening and still.

What follows is the memory of that Last Ride by one who was there, the poet's lifelong friend Canon Rawnsley.

twilight. Then, while the bats flew overhead, and the pheasants called, and an owl crowed from the far wood, and a beetle hummed across our path, we entered the long oak-canopied hollow way that led us by its two miles of autumn-scented leafy darkness down toward the village in the vale.

So, by the village street, with here and there an added few to bear us company and swell with their trampling feet the sound of our going, we passed along from the lights and lamps to the almost lampless dark. High on our left, upon the causeway, pattered the children, close by us walked the elders, man and wife, none speaking, all hushed and reverent of mien, till the engine whistle was heard and the signal lights flashed into red and green. The station had been reached. The solemn journey was ended, and the swift train, iron of will and heedless of heart, bore us fast away.

So the poet was carried from the land of his life and love and labour.

## One Good Turn Cancels Another

HURRYING to post late during one of the warm nights in the middle of the month a grown-up reader saw a plump toad endeavouring to cross the road in the direction of a watercourse which lay 200 yards beyond the houses on the opposite side of the thoroughfare. The toad was answering an instinctive call to migrate for the winter, but its progress was stayed by a cat.

The cat, perhaps instinctively aware that a bitten toad emits an acid which scalds the mouth of its assailant, seemed "willing to wound but yet afraid to strike," but kept pawing and clutching the toad each time it clumsily jumped or crawled.

Pondling the cat with one hand, the man picked up the toad with the other, and, unknown to the cat, popped it under the gates of the house behind him, then going his way rejoicing. On his return later the cat was still there,

angrily and anxiously sniffing about for the vanished toad, whose disappearance was apparently beyond its understanding. At that moment a dog approached to attack the cat, so that the man was now called upon to defend the assailant from whom he had saved the toad.

He engaged the dog, whereupon the cat crouched, and then, as the dog growled and snarled at the man, suddenly raised itself and in two springs was over the gate under which the toad had been put away.

The garden was too dark to enable the man to see the toad, but not too dark for the cat; and it was too small to admit of the toad and the cat not coming together again. So the man went home perplexed, wondering whether he would not have done better for the toad by limiting himself to the Scout's allowance of one good deed a day.



## THE EEL GOES TO SCHOOL

### A Lesson in Electricity

Electric eels we know. Eels that know not electricity have lately received the shock of their lives in a tank at Teddington.

They were the subjects of experiments which are of much importance to hydro-electric engineers, and more especially to those employed where the River Bann joins Lough Neagh in Ireland. A project is afoot to lower the winter level of the lough.

The eels threaten the hydro-electric works by inserting themselves in the stream of the turbines. The experiments made at Teddington were undertaken to find a way of scaring them off.

A stream flowed through the 60-foot tank, across one portion of which were installed electrodes. Eels were collected in the water, and were frightened by sticks so as to make them dart along the tank to the other end, where there were traps on each side. They showed no preference for either trap.

After they had been again collected the electrodes were made alive, and it was found that four out of five eels avoided the electrified side. After three repetitions, with the same result, it was found that the eels retained enough recollection of their shocking experience to avoid the electrified side.

The tank results were successfully repeated on a small river in the south of England, and next season will be tried on the River Bann. There the object is to teach them to avoid the works of man on their way to the sea.

If the lesson lingers a race of eels may spring up which will learn to avoid rivers where no eels are required.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

On Tuesday by means of a short interlude Mr Boswell will take listeners on board an armed merchantman in the seventeenth century when it is engaged in action with a Spaniard. Later Mr Boswell will describe a famous race of tea-clippers from China to London in 1866.

In London there are about 25 inches of rain a year. In the south-west of Ceylon, of which Mr Baker tells us on Thursday, there are over 200 inches!

A new Discovering England series begins on Thursday, when Mr John Hilton takes us by air over South Lancashire, and begins to convey to us first the look, and later the sound, smell, taste, and feel of the district. On Friday Mr Lias will do the same for the Plains of the Vistula, and listeners will hear the music of local dances and local folk-songs.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Increasing Soil Fertility: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Music: (a) Songs of Foreign Lands; (b) The String Quartet.

TUESDAY 11.30 The Mercantile Marine: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 Preparing for the Winter Sleep: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Imaginary Conversations: by S. P. B. Mais. WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Hereward the Wake: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Winter Approaches: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Ceylon: by J. N. L. Baker. 2.5 South Lancashire: by John Hilton. 2.30 The Manchu Empire: by Eileen Power. FRIDAY 2.5 Warsaw and the Plains of the Vistula: by Godfrey Lias. 2.30 Music—Minuet and Trio: by Thomas Armstrong. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Vernon Bartlett.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Scotland in the Antipodes: by General Sir Charles Fergusson.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Composition: by J. L. Hardie. WEDNESDAY, 2.5 John Knox: by Professor J. D. Mackie. 2.30 Same as National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 The Scottish Countryside: by Dr W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 2.0 Weekly News Review: by J. Spencer Muirhead. 3.10 Earth Worms: by Professor J. Ritchie. 3.35 As National.

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY If It is Next Week

Nov. 24. John Knox died at Edinburgh . 1572  
25. Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor, died . 1841  
26. John Loudon McAdam, road builder, died 1836  
27. Magellan sailed into the Pacific Ocean 1520  
28. William Blake born in London . 1757  
29. Cardinal Wolsey died at Leicester Abbey 1530  
30. Mark Twain born in Missouri . 1835

### The Most Typical Scotsman

John Knox was the most typical Scotsman who ever lived. Grim, determined, independent, outspoken, fearless, yet tender at heart and humorous in the Scottish way, he was all that is best in Scottish character condensed into one man. No wonder that he altered the Scottish race!

He did not begin to play a great part in Scottish history till he was middle-aged. He lived just when Scotland was turning from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, and from trusting France to trusting England, and he hastened these changes with fierce energy.

The French ways of the mother of Mary Queen of Scots, and of Mary herself, so disgusted Knox that he said hard things of all women who have power, and he led the Scottish people to look to union with England as a relief from a French alliance.

His enemies say he was rough, but he lived in rough times, when courage and faithfulness were needed above all things; and these he had and used with enormous effect, shaping modern Scotland and winning the fine suggested epitaph, "Here lies one who feared not the face of man."

### A NEW MAGNET

A magnet which will lift sixty times its own weight has been made with a new alloy.

It is not an electric magnet, which is excited or energised by an electric current passing through coils of wire wound round the poles, but a plain horseshoe permanent magnet. Its power is thus quite remarkable, and will make it of the greatest value in wireless construction, especially for loudspeakers.

The new alloy is a mixture of aluminium, cobalt, nickel, and iron, and once magnetised will retain its magnetism almost indefinitely.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of November 1910

**What One Man Has Given Away.** Mr Andrew Carnegie is said to be the richest man in any nation, and the American Ambassador has been counting up Mr Carnegie's gifts to the world. Mr Carnegie, he said, had no chance of a college training himself, but had given to colleges over £4,000,000. He gave £2,000,000 to the universities of Scotland; £500,000 to Dunfermline, where he was born; £2,200,000 to Pittsburg, where he made his wealth. He gave £300,000 as pensions for teachers in America; £300,000 for a Palace of Peace at The Hague; and £10,000,000 for libraries for English-speaking people. In all he has given away over £30,000,000.

By an odd coincidence this appears again just before the centenary of Mr Carnegie's birth, which is on November 25.

## RED CROSS SISTERS There's a Cry From Abyssinia

The great sisterhood of Red Cross societies has been joined by a new member, the Red Cross of Ethiopia.

This makes a family of 63 societies in as many countries, linked together through the International Red Cross.

The moment it seemed likely that both the Italian and Ethiopian Red Cross societies would have their duties seriously increased by Italy's war on Abyssinia the International Red Cross



John Knox preaching

Committee telegraphed to both to ask if they needed assistance. The Italian society said "No, thank you," and the Abyssinian one said "Yes, please!"

The Swedish Red Cross was the first to mobilise practical assistance for its dark-skinned sister. A medical unit of four doctors, eight nurses, a mechanic, and a quartermaster set sail from Marseilles on October 25. They are taking five motor-lorries that can be turned into ambulances and two lorry-loads of supplies. A private airman has placed himself and his plane at the disposal of the mission and will fly over to meet them there.

Ambulance aeroplanes are particularly needed in this difficult country, and all the aero clubs affiliated in the International Air Federation have been advised concerning the useful service private airmen can give. Abyssinia has not been developed for aviation, and there are only three landing fields where planes can be sure of finding petrol.

Last week the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated an ambulance unit to service in Abyssinia.

In a country covering about 350,000 square miles the provision for medical care is pitifully inadequate. We can understand that the world's Red Cross societies feel it their duty to do all in their power to aid their youngest sister, born under such unhappy circumstances with no silver spoon in her mouth.

### THE DUCK AND THE PLANE

Eagles, resenting rivals in the sky, have more than once swooped on aeroplanes, but a wild duck has created a new record.

A large flock of wild duck flew straight at a seaplane of the Canadian Air Force while it was cruising off Vancouver. One of the ducks struck the pilot on the head and stunned him.

He lost control of the plane, which plunged into the sea from 200 feet, throwing out the observer and nearly drowning the pilot. The observer was picked up unhurt and the pilot was rescued severely injured.

## 1000 BUILDERS OF AN ENGINE Its 30,000 Parts

How many parts are there in a railway engine?

A peep behind the scenes at the LMS works at Crewe during the building of an engine of the Princess Royal class reveals that there are about 30,000.

In the first place 370 drawings of various parts must be made, and then a specification occupying 361 pages is prepared.

The main frames of the engine, its very foundation, require 6500 rivets; and in making a pair of inside cylinders over 60 moulds and cores are required. To secure the copper fire-box to the engine's steel wrapper plates 2500 stays are needed. A driving-wheel requires 35 cwt of the finest steel, and the connecting rod 12 cwt.

More than a thousand men help to build the engine.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT IN TROUBLE

Some people enjoy pity. It was the one thing Sir Walter Scott found unbearable.

The ninth of the volumes of his letters edited by Professor Grierson has just been published, and it makes fine reading. This volume deals with the disastrous time when Scott's publishers became bankrupt and he began to work himself to death to pay a debt of £130,000. A friend wrote to commiserate with him, and he replied:

I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of anyone, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears.

I am far richer in point of income than generals and admirals who have led fleets and armies to battles. My family are all provided for in present or in prospect, my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession.

His wife died. His health grew worse. He was often in pain which made him cry aloud. But he wrote on till a stroke put an end to his labours. He died in the belief that he had paid the debt, so he died happy.

## DOING TWO GOOD THINGS AT ONCE

Christmas is on the way, and that yearly wave of goodwill to all men is once again sweeping the world.

By buying blind men's wares as presents we shall be doing two good things.

Most people are given a great surprise when they visit the Blind Shop at 258 Tottenham Court Road, London, where is a wonderful variety of useful things.

Equally wonderful is the triumph over adversity shown by the wide variety of useful presents of the same kind, made by St Dunstan's war-blinded soldiers and sailors, which may be bought at the Sales Stores, Raglan Street, London.

Smart knitted sports clothes in beautiful colours, all made by the blind on knitting-machines, are on sale in the shop run for the blind at 250 Kensington High Street. They also make knitting-needles, wattle furniture, fences, and baskets of all kinds.

### THE HOBBY BOOK

A wonderful gift for the intelligent boy is Every Boy's Hobby Annual. It tells about aeroplanes, how to build small-scale models, locomotives, yachts, radio, photography, conjuring, pets. It will help a boy in his present hobbies, and help him, possibly, in finding a new one. There are scores of illustrations, including a coloured frontispiece and plate. The price is 6s.



## A CELESTIAL CLOCK

### The Little Bear Shows How Our World Goes Round

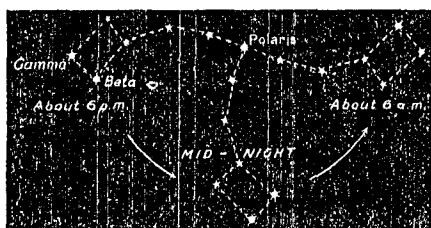
#### POLE STARS OF THE FUTURE

By the C N Astronomer

A good opportunity for seeing our world go round as revealed by the heavens is provided by these long winter evenings and dark mornings. The small constellation of Ursa Minor (the Little Bear) more than any other makes the daily rotation of the Earth so obvious.

The three chief stars composing Ursa Minor are the Pole Star, Beta, and Gamma; all are moderately bright, the Pole Star (or Polaris) and Beta being of second magnitude and, with the third-magnitude Gamma, easily found. Polaris is always about two-thirds of the way up from the due-north horizon toward overhead point, and may be regarded as the pivot round which Beta and Gamma revolve like the hour hand of a 24-hour clock set in the heavens. This apparent movement of the stars of our celestial clock-hand is actually due to the Earth's rotation in the opposite direction.

If we begin our observation between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening we shall see Beta and Gamma some way to the left of Polaris; as midnight approaches they will have swung round to below Polaris, and by 6 a.m. they will be seen



The stars of the Little Bear in their different positions at different hours this time of the year.

to the right of this star, as indicated in the star map. During the daylight hours they pass round above Polaris back to where they were the evening before, but always four minutes earlier owing to the Earth's progress in her orbit, so that in three months' time they will have got so far ahead that they will be below Polaris at about 6 o'clock instead of to the left of him as at present.

Polaris, the present Pole Star, is not exactly at the so-called Pole or point to which the Earth's axis is pointed, but is about twice the Moon's apparent width away to the right of it in the evening hours at this time of the year. Polaris is gradually becoming closer, so that while it is now 1 degree 3 minutes of arc away from the exact point, it will be only about 26½ minutes of arc away in the year 2095. After this Polaris will appear to travel away from the celestial North Pole; eventually it will cease to be Polaris and will be known by its other title, Alpha Ursae Minoris.

#### Vega 12,000 Years Hence

The future Pole Star will be Gamma in Cepheus, the third-magnitude star some distance above Polaris at present of an evening, but this will not be until some 2000 years hence. Eventually, in 12,000 years' time, Vega, the brightest star in the northern heavens, will be the Pole Star.

Thus the axis round which our world spins (in some respects after the manner of a pegtop but not precisely so) gradually changes in the direction to which it points. It completes a circle of the northern, while the South Pole does the same in the southern heavens, in the course of 25,867 years.

Polaris, Gamma, and some other stars of Ursa Minor are very interesting and remarkable stars that must be considered next week, when an outline of the Little Bear will be given. G. F. M.

## LONDON'S COUNTRY

### Its Pigs, Potatoes, and Cows

London's remorseless tide of bricks and mortar has not yet wiped out the countryside in the administrative county area.

It has its farms, with pasture for the cows who supply London's millions with some of their morning milk. Pink and white clover grow on 42 of its acres, mangolds cover 50, and in the autumn 36 acres shine with the gold of wheat.

Pigs and potatoes, cows, and 273 agricultural workers thrive in the county area. These are the figures for the L.C.C.'s last statistical year, and though the boundaries of London are pushed every year farther and farther afield, we may expect the real country in it to grow smaller. The horses are going. Only 100 pass through Blackwall Tunnel now where 1000 went twenty years ago.

The market gardens are passing. The last little orchard between Gunnersbury and Kew has just gone, covered with flats which presume to call themselves a village. London's best hope is the enlargement of its Green Belt, and even that is threatened unless the L.C.C. makes haste.

## UPS AND DOWNS OF OUR SHIPS

Lloyd's Register says that over 750,000 tons of shipping were completed in our shipyards in the year ended last June.

Here are the chief ups and downs of recent times, for years ended in June: 2,020,000 tons in 1914; 4,253,000 tons in 1920; 886,000 tons in 1924; 1,808,000 tons in 1930; only 350,000 tons in 1934. So the industry, hit by every other industry's bad times, makes havoc with the lives who work in it.

The transport of oil by sea increases every year. There are now 9,000,000 tons of the big floating tanks that hold oil. Seamen get a little extra for going to sea in them, for they are both evil-smelling and dangerous. The wonder is that men consent to go in them at all, but that wonder extends to so many uncomfortable occupations, from sewage to stoking.

Motorships continue to beat steamships. In 1915 there were only 297 motorships; there are now 5511. These are all oil users, and in addition 20,000,000 tons of steamships now use oil.

Let us survey last year's 752,000 tons of shipping and observe their composition: 157,760 tons have Steam Reciprocating Engines 42,380 tons have Steam Turbines 552,000 tons are Motorships 150,445 tons burn Coal 601,755 tons burn Oil

They are facts which have a great bearing on the lives and work of our seamen and our miners.

## OLD KING COAL IS LOOKING UP

The Ministry of Mines reports that the commercial plant to extract oil from coal, begun in 1933, is doing so well that large quantities of motor-spirit are now being marketed.

Extraction began in February, and by July six million gallons had been sold. The grade is first-class.

The report adds that there is obviously a wide field for the further development of the process, for the present rate of consumption of motor-spirit is approximately 1200 million gallons a year.

It is good to note that continued improvement in the position of the British coal-mining industry is also reported, the output in 1934 being higher than in any year since 1930. This is largely due to increased industrial activity at home, particularly in the heavy industries.

## The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates

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## NEW DISCOVERIES

### Photographing Sound and Pressure

Two remarkable new uses for photographic film have been discovered.

Chinese scientists, finding the sensitive film used in photography sensitive to pressure, have found a means of measuring great pressures, such as take place in building structures, by the effects of the pressure on a photographic film which is afterwards developed.

Experimenting in Italy, two men have discovered that a photographic film will record sounds if the sound waves are allowed to strike them in pure water.

The highly-pitched sounds in Nature to which the human ear is not sensitive (called supersonic sounds) have been translated into audible sounds by electrical means; but here is a means of recording supersonic sounds by rhythmic marks made on the film after development, the distance between the marks being equal to the sound-wave lengths.

## THE CHURCHES IN THE KING'S REIGN

Religion in the King's Reign. By David Williamson. Pilgrim Press. 2s 6d.

We believe it is almost true that no great event in this country is complete unless David Williamson is looking on.

For a generation he has been looking on at everything, going everywhere, feeling the pulse of movements and gatherings of all sorts, witnessing the great spectacle of life and following the ceaseless procession of events.

Now Mr. Williamson has written a capital little book in which he tells us what the Churches have been doing and what the preachers have been saying in the King's reign.

It is a pithily-written story, beginning by telling us of King George as a churchwarden at Sandringham and ending by quoting Mr. Chesterton as saying that Christianity has not failed; "it has been tried and found difficult."

It tells us of the expression of Christianity in our English Churches for a generation, and for those who follow with interest the everlasting striving for better things it is an admirable volume.

## A YOUNG MAN TAKES TO HIS HEELS

One day about a quarter of a century ago, we read, a young man had a job in a factory where heavy machinery jarred the whole building, including those who worked in it.

The young man was not robust, and did not like the jar of the machinery, so one day he brought a rubber mat to the factory and stood on it. At once he found relief. After several days somebody stole his mat, so he got two pieces of rubber and nailed them on his heels.

The name of the young man was O'Sullivan. He was the inventor of rubber heels, and today his firm is one of the biggest manufacturers of rubber heels in the world.

## NURSE CALLING

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"It is like an angel's visit," the grateful sick folk say when Nurse comes in.

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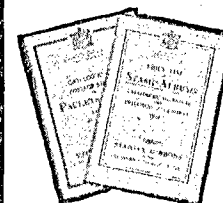
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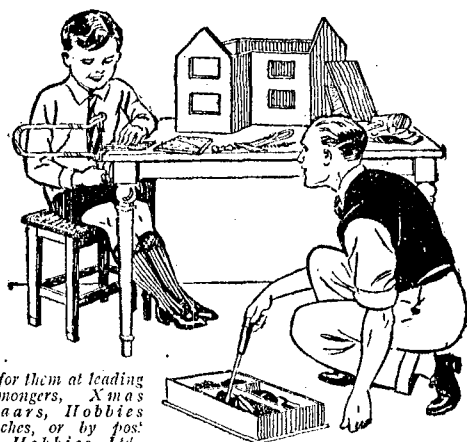
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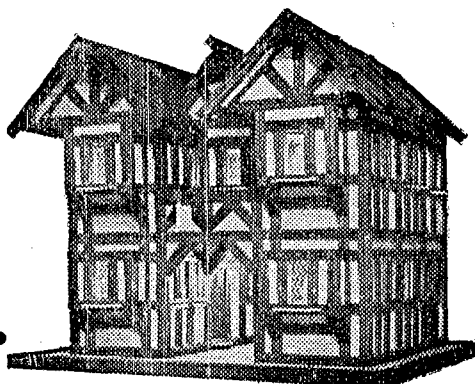
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## DIVING FOR A FORTUNE

Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Ronald and Lal Tarver are sailing to the mainland with some valuable pearls which are to be sold to save the family from bankruptcy.

Their boat is wrecked, and the boys suspect foul play. They manage to reach a little island, but only, they fear, to fall into the hands of the enemy.

### CHAPTER 3

#### Three To One

Of the three Ron was the only one who was not dismayed.

"Don't worry. We'll get him," he whispered. "Wait till he starts his breakfast. We can slip up on him while he's eating. I'll get behind and jump on his back. You two come up, one each side. A pity if the three of us can't hold him. What do you say, Rastus?"

"Ah reckon it's de only way, Marse Ron."

"Are you game, Lal?"

"Of course." Lal's eyes were very bright. Ron knew he could depend on his brother.

The big man was at the pool. He drew a bucket of water, peeled off his shirt, and sluiced his great body. Then he lit a small fire and, while it burned up, dried himself and put on a clean shirt. He had a kettle slung above the fire, and while it heated he fried fish in a pan with bacon. When it was ready he moved the pan, and as the kettle boiled they watched him make a pot of coffee. Then he got out some biscuits and sat down to his meal.

Ron pinched Lal's arm and pointed, then began to crawl down the slope. Patches of scrub gave cover, and presently the three of them were behind the tent. They had moved so quietly that the big man had clearly no suspicion of their presence. Ron put his lips close to Lal's ear.

"You go to the left, Rastus to the right. Jump him the moment I'm on his back."

Lal nodded. He was quivering with eagerness. Rastus was not so keen, yet Ron knew he would do his best.

Ron came to his feet. He crept round the tent. The back of the sitting man looked broad as a house, but Ron did not wait to think of that. He hurled himself forward and with one spring landed like a cat on the man's back. He flung his arms around the great corded neck and pulled back with all his might. At the same moment Lal caught the man by the left arm and Rastus came plunging in from the other side.

Rastus was not quite so quick as Lal. Before he could get a grip the giant's right arm shot out, and his great fist, catching the Negro in the chest, sent him flying backward. He landed flat on the ground and lay, winded, unable to move. The force of the big man's forward movement dragged Ron off his feet. He clung desperately, doing his best, but his efforts seemed to make no difference at all. In one motion the big man was on his feet and had whirled round with such force that Ron was jerked from his hold and catapulted to the sand.

Poor Lal alone had not a dog's chance. A huge hand caught him by the collar and lifted him into the air like a puppy.

"Is this a hold-up or are you all gone plumb crazy?" questioned his captor. His voice was deep and he spoke with an American accent, but he did not seem particularly angry or upset.

Lal was furious. "It's all very well to pretend to be innocent," he retorted. "How much did Slaven pay you to wreck us?"

"Slaven," repeated the big man in his quiet drawl. "I don't reckon I've met the gent. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh, you'd say anything," began Lal bitterly, but Ron, who had struggled to his feet, stopped him. Ron, level-headed as he was, had already decided that there was a mistake of some kind. This big man did not look the sort to be one of Slaven's gang.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The big fellow looked down at Ron, and there was a suspicion of a smile on his face.

"Looks to me it's I who ought to be asking the questions. Still, I don't mind telling you that I'm Billy Machlin, and my job isn't wrecking. It's sponge-diving."

Ron stared at the other. For the life of him he could not see anything crooked in the big man's face. It was a craggy sort of face, but the eyes were grey and clear, and there was a glint of fun in them.

"Sponge-diving," Ron repeated slowly. "And you've nothing to do with Slaven?"

"Never heard of him. See here, boys, set yourselves down and tell me all about it.

Looks to me there's something needs clearing up."

"A lot," said Lal angrily, but Ron checked him again.

"I'll tell you, Mr Machlin. Only first let's pick up Rastus. I'm afraid you've hurt him."

"Just knocked the wind out of him," replied Machlin as he stepped forward and lightly lifted Rastus.

"Doan't yo' worry about me," Rastus said. "I ain't hurt, none to speak of. But yo' suah hits like a hammer, Marse Machlin. Yo' tell him, Marse Ron."

Ron spoke quickly. He didn't waste words, yet it took a good five minutes to tell the whole story, how Slaven held the mortgage on their land, which he meant to get, by fair means or foul; and then the wreck. When he had finished Machlin nodded.

"Some story," he said. "That cyclone last week, it was surely bad, and it was lucky for me I was safe here on dry land and my boat in the cove and double-anchored. See now, I never saw or heard of this Slaven, and as for that false light he hung out I never saw that either, or I'd have done something about it. Fact is, it never occurred to me that anyone would be landing on a desolate place like this, and I was sleeping like the dead in my tent." He paused. "You believe me?" he asked quietly.

"I believe you," Ron said promptly.

"And ah thinks yo're telling truth," put in Rastus.

Machlin turned to Lal. "What about you?"

Lal nodded. "I've come round to Ron's idea," he agreed. "You—you don't look like a crook."

Billy Machlin laughed. It was a deep-throated, hearty laugh which somehow cleared the air and made them all feel better.

"I'm glad of that, son. And I will say it was kind of brave of you all to go for me the way you did. I reckon you're needing some food. Sit still while I fix up breakfast, then we'll see what we can do about these pearls."

"You mean you'd dive for them?" Lal exclaimed.

"I mean I hate crooks like this Slaven, and it looks to me as if it was up to me to take a hand in the game."

### CHAPTER 4

#### Thirty Fathoms Down

BILLY MACHLIN's hot coffee seemed to the boys the most delicious drink they had ever tasted. The hot fish was equally good. The sun, gaining strength, dried their wet clothes and warmed their chilled bodies, and Billy's big frame and calm confidence cheered them.

"It was luck, finding you," Lal said, as he finished his second mug of coffee.

"If you'd been a day later I wouldn't have been here," Billy told him.

"I thought you said you were sponge-diving?" exclaimed Ron.

"So I was, but seeing there are no sponges it's time to quit."

"Then—then you can't spare time to help us?" said Ron.

"I've all the time in the world," said Billy, with a twinkle. "I'm my own boss. And I'm interested in these pearls. Do you know just where your boat sank?"

Ron explained as well as he could, and Billy looked thoughtful.

"Bad luck, son! That's the deepest water anywhere around the Key—it's nearer 30 fathoms than 20."

Ron looked at him and frowned.

"Are you alone here?"

"Look in the tent if you doubt it."

"But you can't dive alone. You must have someone to pump air down. Even I know that much."

Billy's face relaxed.

"That's a fact, son. Yes, I've got an assistant, Sam Setters. But you wouldn't catch him camping up here. He lives in the boat."

"Sorry," said Ron, and Billy laughed.

"That's all right. I'm glad to see you have your wits with you. Now suppose we go and have a look-see."

Both boys jumped up, but Ron paused.

"What about the chap that hung out that light? He might be on the island."

"He might, but I'll lay he's not," Billy said. "My notion is that Slaven or some of his men were watching you when you started. They probably had a speed-boat and followed just out of your sight till they were sure which way you were going. Then they shot ahead, stuck up the false light, and shifted off to some other Key."

Ron looked thoughtful. "But wouldn't they wait to see what happened?"

Continued on page 14



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Continued from page 12

Billy nodded. "Yes, I reckon they waited till they heard the crash and then landed and doused the light. But the odds are that, when they did land, they spotted the riding light of the Bonito, my boat; so they wouldn't stay. Still, we'll have a look round. The tracks'll tell us."

He led the way up the slope and the others followed. Billy went along the top of the ridge and, twisting through the great scrub-bells, came out on a sandhill facing the sea. "That's where the light was set," he said, pointing. "You can depend on that. Wait here while I scout round. We don't want to mess up the marks."

In spite of his great bulk Billy Machlin walked as lightly as a cat. He vanished among the grey-green bushes and the boys waited.

"What luck finding a chap like that!" Ron exclaimed.

"You're sure he's all right?" Lal said in a worried tone.

Ron squeezed his brother's arm.

"Don't worry. Billy will get our pearls back. I'm sure of it. Here he comes."

Billy came striding back.

"I was right," he said. "I found the pole they hung the light on. And their tracks go right back down to the beach. They didn't come inland at all. Now I'll take you down to my ship and we'll see what the depth is over your craft."

The Bonito lay in a snug cove on the north side of the island. She was a small schooner with a motor. Sam Setters, a grizzled old Yankee from Maine, was in charge. His eyes widened at sight of the boys and Rastus.

"Got company, Billy! They, the chaps that came in the speed-boat last night?"

"You saw her?" Billy asked.

"Heard her. Too dark to see anything." Billy introduced the boys and told Sam their story.

"Well, I'll be diddled!" said the old chap. "If I'd known anyone was setting up a trick like that I'd have taken the old scatter gun and tried my luck, light or darkness. Where do you reckon them wreckers have gone?"

"Back to their boss, to get their money, I guess," said Billy. "Sam, I'm taking the schooner round the island. Got to get those pearls if it's the last thing I do."

"Sure thing!" agreed Sam, and at once began getting up the anchor.

Continued in the last column

## JACKO WAKES UP

ONE morning Jacko announced that he and Chimp were going for a long tramp. "Miles and miles," he added proudly. "Shan't be back till dark."

"Don't forget to take your precious map," Adolphus reminded him.

"Trust me!" mumbled Jacko, gulping down his porridge.

But before starting off Jacko had some jobs to do. When he had swept the yard,

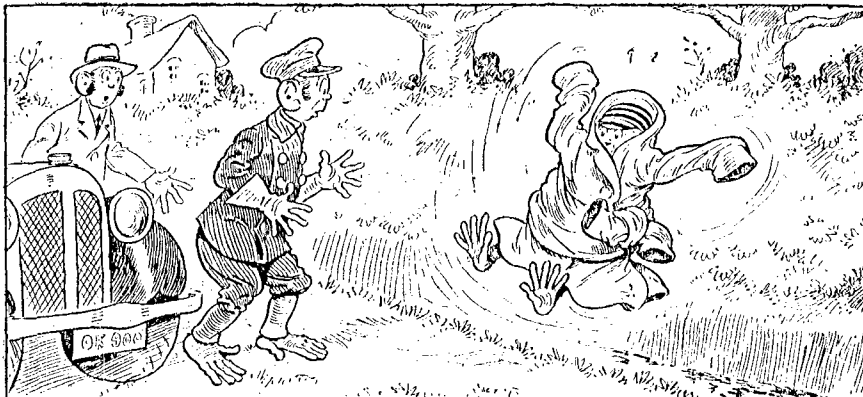
more," he grunted. "Mater gave me Adolphus's in mistake."

"I know!" Chimp exclaimed suddenly. "You stay and mind the stuff while I go and make inquiries. So long!"

Jacko waited. Presently he chuckled. "Coo! Here's a lark!" he muttered.

"I'll roll into a bundle with these macks and let Chimp think I've disappeared."

Grimming from ear to ear, he wrapped



Jacko gave a wild yell

and then accidentally upset a bucket of ashes over it, he asked if he had done enough.

Mother Jacko thought he had, quite. "Out of my sight!" she ordered, pushing him off with a parcel of sandwiches.

"And here's your mack," she added.

It was not till the boys had lost their way after lunch that Jacko discovered he had come without his map.

"You great simpleton!" cried Chimp.

"How on earth shall we find the way back?"

Jacko didn't know. He glared at his raincoat lying on the ground. "Can't drag that heavy thing round much

the coats round so tightly that only his eyes and nose peeped out. Then he rolled close to the hedge.

Chimp was gone so long that Jacko got hot and drowsy. He didn't hear a car come along and someone jump out.

"What's this?" cried the motorist.

"Here's a package dropped off someone's car. Catch!" he shouted, whisking up the bundle and flinging it to the chauffeur.

"Whoop!" Jacko woke with a start and gave a wild yell. The chauffeur was so startled that he let the bundle go. It shot into a ditch.

Poor Jacko! He was in a mess when he scrambled out.

The others helped and Billy started up the engine. Within a very few minutes the Bonito was chugging in and out among the reefs round to the other side of the island. The whole sea to the south was strewn with reefs. It was one huge death-trap.

In all this maze it was anything but easy to find the exact spot where she had struck, for it had been too dark to get any landmarks; but Billy, who had been here for nearly a month, knew every yard of the waters, and presently he cut out the engine and told Sam to drop the anchor.

"I reckon that's what you hit," he said, pointing to a long, narrow, knife-edged ledge just below the surface. "With the tide as it was at three this morning there'd have been just about two feet of water over it."

Ron peered over the bow of the schooner into the blue beneath. Last night's breeze had quite died out and the sea was calm.

"As I told you," Billy said, "there's a big hole here. I'd better go down and have a look."

"But can you? Isn't it dangerous?"

"Diving ain't as safe as digging in a garden," Billy answered, "but I wouldn't call it dangerous. Obey the rules and you won't get much harm."

"Rules?" repeated Lal.

"Yes. See to your gear before you go down, have a good man at the pump, and don't come up in a hurry if you go deep."

"What happens if you do?" Lal asked.

"You get 'bends,'" said Billy grimly. "Then you're paralysed or die."

"If it's 30 fathoms how long does it take you to come up?" Ron asked.

"Roughly, an hour and a half," said Billy, and began to strip. They watched him don thick woollen undergarments; then the canvas diving dress, with its watertight rubber cuffs at wrists and ankles; and next Sam put on Billy's feet the great brass-toed boots each weighing 28 pounds.

The ladder had been dropped. Billy climbed out on it, and Sam screwed the huge copper helmet on the collar ring and hung 28 pounds of lead on the diver's chest and as much more on his back. When all was complete Sam screwed the thick face glass into the front of the helmet, stepped across to the pump, and began to turn. Billy signalled all was right, opened the valve that he might get way to sink with, and began to descend.

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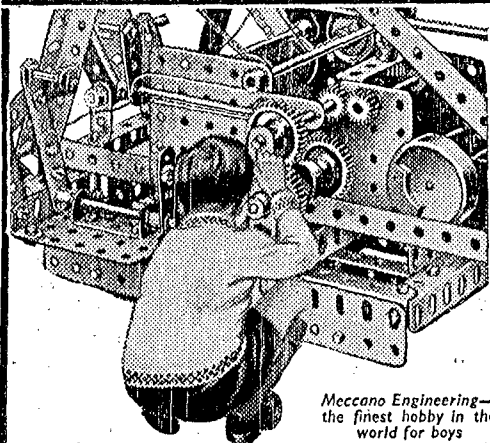
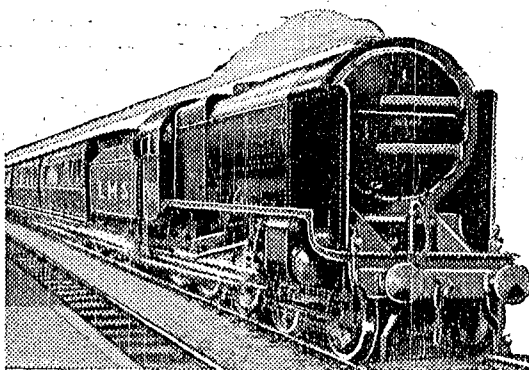


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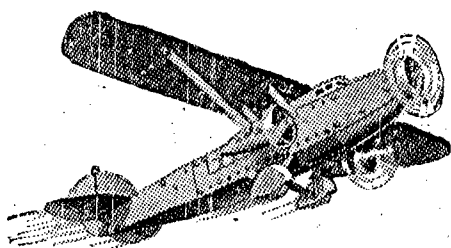
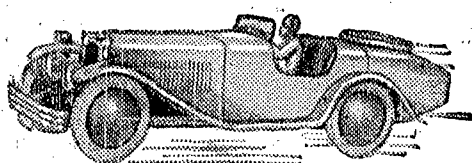
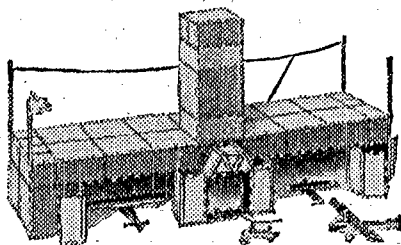
## MECCANO

BRITISH  
AND  
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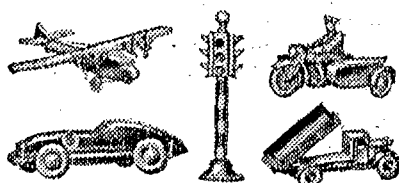
ENGINEERING FOR BOYS - HORNBY'S ORIGINAL SYSTEM - FIRST PATENTED 1901

Meccano Engineering—  
the finest hobby in the  
world for boys

There are 27 true-to-type Hornby Locomotives

This magnificent model aeroplane is built with No. 2  
Special Aeroplane OutfitA splendid model of a sports two-seater built with No. 2  
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A selection of popular Dinky Toys

The world-famous Meccano Engineering Constructional Toy increases its fascination for boys every year. Hundreds of working mechanical models can be built with it, and new and delightful additions are constantly being made. There are 305 engineering parts in the system, all accurately made and standardised, and everything is so simple that boys can commence to build and enjoy themselves at once.

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One day a bright boy and his father paid a visit to the Meccano Factory, and their adventures there have been set down in a fascinating book entitled "Dick's Visit to Meccanoland." Send your name and address, and the names and addresses of three of your chums, for a FREE copy of this book. Put No. 27 after your own name for reference.

## THE NEW MECCANO MAGIC MOTOR

Now we have added to the fun of the Meccano hobby by introducing the Meccano Magic Motor, a marvellous new clockwork mechanism for driving models in Outfits A (5/-); B (7/6); C (10/-). It only costs 2/-.

One of the 330 models  
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The new Hornby Electric Trains reach the pinnacle of electrical perfection. They represent the greatest advance ever made in electrically driven model trains. Everything is perfectly safe and simple.

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Sports four-seaters, Coupés, Speed Cars and other fine models can be built with these Outfits, each one a masterpiece of automobile construction. Everything is provided, including a powerful, long running clockwork motor.

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## DINKY BUILDER

This is one of the most fascinating building systems ever given to young children to play with. The beautifully enamelled parts enable boys or girls to build hundreds of toys, each one a real strong plaything.

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There are now more than 200 of these delightful miniatures, and new ones are coming along all the time. The series includes Motor Cars, Garage, Petrol Pumps, Service Huts, Road Signals of all kinds, and scores of others, all beautifully finished in rich colours.

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MECCANO LTD., DEPT. 27, BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 23, 1935

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### A Fishing Puzzle

IN five days a fisherman caught fifty fish. Each day he caught three more than on the previous day. Can you tell how many he caught on each of the five days?

Answer next week

### This Week's Nature Note

THE stoat is now changing from its summer colour of reddish-brown to a winter coat of white, a change brought about by the growth of new hair. When wearing its new coat this animal is known as the ermine. A member of the weasel family, it preys on mice, rats, and voles, and is a deadly enemy of rabbits and hares.

### Simple

TWO tired-looking travellers stopped by a signpost. "Ten miles to London," read one of them. "Come along," said the other, "let us step out; that's only five miles apiece."

### A Novelist's Study

IN 1925 a commemorative set of stamps was issued on the occasion of the centenary of the birth of the famous Portuguese



novelist Camilo Branco. One stamp showed his house, and the one illustrated here depicted his study, complete with grandfather clock and rocking-chair.

### Quite True

WHAT lock won't turn with any key? Please say if you can answer me. I feel quite sure that you will guess: It is a lock of hair, a tress!

### The Man Who Wrote By Candlelight

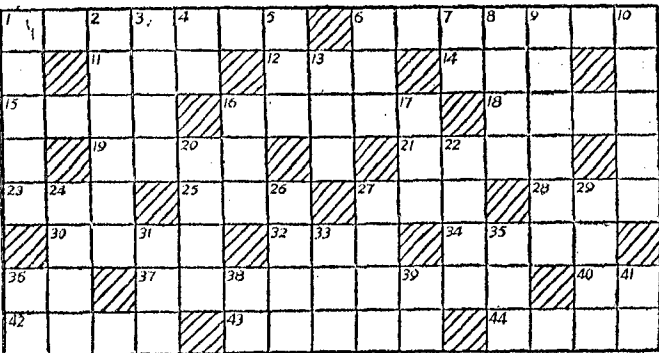
IN a small room in a building which does duty for a palace, but would be thought a crude and uncomfortable dwelling for a king nowadays, sits a middle-aged man, writing. He is translating portions of the New Testament into his native tongue. The man has to peer down at his papers, the only light being from a candle which has lines marked upon it. A soldier enters, and his bearing shows that the man at the table is one who commands both respect and affection. Who is he?

Answer next week

## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

**Reading Across.** 1. In a hurried manner. 6. Ruler of an Empire. 11. Bustle. 12. Sooner. 14. Mail. 15. Fashion. 16. Tops of a wicket. 18. To prepare for publication. 19. To venture. 21. A land measure. 23. Nothing. 25. Accumulate. 27. A mineral spring. 28. Finish. 30. High-priced. 32. A cereal. 34. Prefix meaning half. 36. Electric light. 37. Concerns the world and its inhabitants. 40. Negative. 42. A lake. 43. Former rulers of Russia. 44. Not odd.



**Reading Down.** 1. Pertaining to Rome. 2. Used for propelling a canoe. 3. A notion. 4. Accomplish. 5. Yes. 6. Snake-like fish. 7. Pennsylvania. 8. Eternally. 9. To buy back. 10. Taxed locally. 13. Edge. 16. Resting place. 17. To undermine. 20. Scarce. 22. Money. 24. Unoccupied. 26. Canines. 27. A heavenly body. 29. Three threes. 31. Oldness. 33. Artist's honour. 35. Organ of sight. 36. Printer's measure. 38. Old Testament. 39. Postscript. 41. Above and touching.

## How Many Can You See?



IN this picture the artist has drawn a number of kitchen utensils. A few of them are plainly visible, but others have been hidden in unexpected places. How many can you find? Answer next week

### What Julius Caesar Did Not Know

JULIUS CAESAR never heard of Jesus Christ. He did not know that China existed, and never heard of the American continent. He did not know that the Earth is round and moves round the Sun, and that the Sun itself is ever spinning through the vast realms of space.

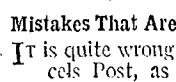
### Incredible

THE youth reported that a very persistent traveller had at last departed.

"You told him I was out?" queried the manager. "Yes, sir," replied the youth; "but he said he didn't believe me because I was working when he called."

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mars is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Sunday, November 24.



**Mistakes That Are Made Every Day** It is quite wrong to speak of Parcels Post, as so many people do. It should, of course, be Parcel Post. We do not talk of the Letters Post or the Books Post.

### Sea-Shells

A GOOD tongue-twister is the verse about the sea-shells: She sells sea-shells on the seashore; The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm sure. So, if she sells sea-shells on the seashore, Then I'm sure she sells sea-shore shells.

### Ici On Parle Français

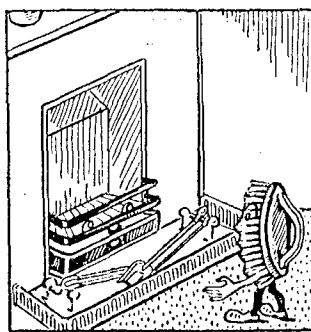


la harpe le tambour de basque le violon  
harp tambourine violin

Les enfants vont prendre des leçons de musique. De quoi joueront-ils? Philippe choisit le violon. Suzanne préfère la harpe. Le petit Jean dit, "Moi, j'aime le tambour de basque."

The children are to have music lessons. What will they play? Philip chooses the violin. Susan prefers the harp. Little John says, "I like the tambourine."

### Black Ingratitude



Said the Brush: I brush you every day, Yet not a word of thanks you say. Said the Grate: Bad manners may be hateful, But how can an empty grate be grateful?

### Nightrogen

TEACHER: The air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. What is it that we breathe by day and night?

Tommy: Oxygen by day and Nitrogen by night.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What is the Word? Nowhere, now-here.

Dropped Letter. Negro, Nero.

Buried Places. New York, London, Montreal, Rome, Athens.

### A Puzzling Letter

It was and I said, not or.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Ada's Basket

ADA counted her money carefully to see how much she had saved for her mother's birthday present.

She found she had eightpence; but she was afraid that it wasn't enough to buy the present Mummy wanted. In a fortnight she would be able to make it a shilling, but she thought Mrs Robin's baskets cost more than that.

Mrs Robin lived in the village and wove very pretty baskets, which she hung outside her cottage for people to buy. Ada's mother had often said how much she would love to have one of these baskets to go picnicking with, but she thought they were rather dear.

Ada was great friends with Mrs Robin, and often went to talk to her and to watch her clever fingers weaving the cane into baskets of all shapes and sizes, with coloured borders and handles. So one day when she was in the shop she said shyly:

"Do your baskets cost a lot of money, Mrs Robin? I should love to give Mummy one for her birthday present. I've been saving up for it."

"And how much have you saved?" asked Mrs Robin kindly.

"Well, I shall have a shilling by next month when her birthday is," answered Ada.

"I'm afraid these tiny dolly baskets cost as much as that," said Mrs Robin; "but I'll tell you what we'll do. Your shilling will buy quite a lot of cane, and if you show me which basket your mother wants I will help you to make one like it."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Ada, clapping her hands. "And then I can tell Mummy I helped to make it."

"Yes," laughed Mrs Robin. "And if you can come round for a little while every day you'll soon learn how to do it. Look, here is a little one I've just started; you can practise on this."

At first Ada felt as if her fingers couldn't thread the cane properly; but with a little practice they got much better, and by the time her mother's birthday came round, with Mrs Robin's help, she had a beautiful big basket with a dainty mauve border and handle.

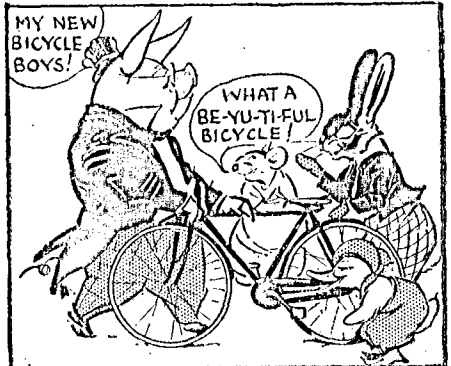
Mummy was surprised and delighted with it.

"I'm afraid it isn't very even at the bottom," said Ada. "I didn't do it very well at first, but the border is nearly as neat as Mrs Robin's, isn't it, Mummy?"

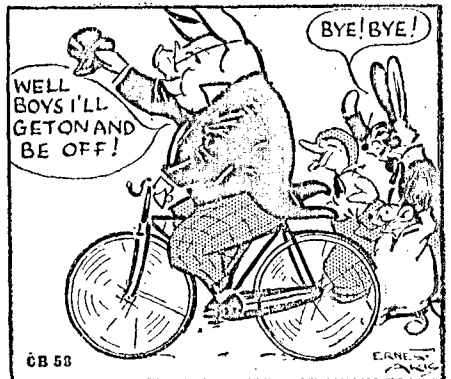
"I think it's all lovely," said Mummy, kissing her, "and we'll take our tea out in it the first fine afternoon."

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

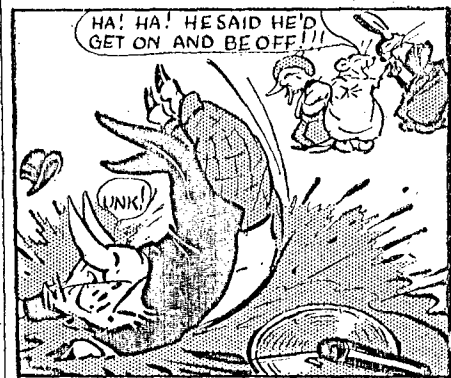
## Pie Porker's Bicycle



Mr. Pie Porker found that his age and weight made walking rather tiring, so he decided to buy a bicycle. What a beautiful shiny bicycle it was! All the Cococubs were green with envy!



To the cheers of the Cococubs Pie Porker mounted his bicycle. As he rode away he raised his hat and bowed. 'Just like royalty,' whispered Willie. How proud he was.



Down the road he glided, with his head in the air. He didn't see a large brick in the middle of the road. Crash! Right into a puddle went Pie Porker. Pride goes before a fall!

# There's a Cococub in every tin of The Children's BOURNVILLE COCOA

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